

NEW THRILLS
IN OLD CHINA

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CHARLOTTE E. HAWES



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New thrills in old China

NEW THRILLS IN OLD CHINA



CHARLOTTE E. HAWES AT HOME
WEI HSIEN, CHINA

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NEW THRILLS IN OLD CHINA

By
CHARLOTTE E. HAWES
*Presbyterian Missionary, Wei Hsien,
Shantung, China*

—
ILLUSTRATED



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TO
"LOYAL HEARTS AND TRUE"
WHO LOVE AND SUPPORT
GOD'S WORK IN CHINA
AND "SEEK FIRST THE KINGDOM OF GOD"
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

C. E. H.

INTRODUCTION

“Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and nature,
Who believe that in all ages,
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not;
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God’s right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;
Listen to this simple story,
To this song from WEI HSIEN, CHINA.”

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER	15
II. EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION . .	21
III. CALL TO CHINA	25
IV. GOING TO CHINA	30
V. GOING TO WEI HSIEN	34
VI. FIRST SIGHT OF WEI HSIEN MIS- SION	38
VII. WEI HSIEN MISSION	40
VIII. LEARNING THE LANGUAGE . . .	48
IX. NEWS FROM HOME	54
X. DELIGHTS OF COUNTRY WORK IN CHINA	60
XI. THE BOXER WAR	71
XII. BOXER RIOTS AT WEI HSIEN . . .	87
Miss Hawes' Letter	90
Rev. F. H. Chalfant's Letter . . .	99
XIII. HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO THE COAST	109
XIV. PAOTINGFU MARTYRS	117
XV. RETURN TO AMERICA	123
XVI. MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME . .	126
XVII. RETURN TO CHINA	139
XVIII. RETURN TO WEI HSIEN	148

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
XIX. THE PLAGUE! UNDER QUARANTINE!	157
XX. THE CHINESE REVOLUTION	162
XXI. HOW THE REVOLUTION AFFECTED MISSIONS IN SHANTUNG	186
XXII. THE CHINESE REVOLUTION—THE MOST WONDERFUL IN HISTORY	202
XXIII. THE REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAK IN SI-AN-FU	218
XXIV. ANNIVERSARY DAY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA	227
XXV. MORAL PHASES AND OUTLOOK OF THE REVOLUTION	243
XXVI. THE CHINA PROPAGANDA	246
APPENDIX. A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION	255

ILLUSTRATIONS

Charlotte E. Hawes at Home, Wei Hsien, China	<i>Frontispiece</i>
	FACING PAGE
Dr. Hunter Corbett in His Shenza	40
The House Where Miss Hawes Taught Bible Class Before the Boxer Riots	54
Ch'un Mei and Her Twenty Christian Schol- ars	58
Gate Where the Mob Entered Wei Hsien Mission, June 25th, 1900	94
Reverend F. H. Chalfant, D.D., Hero of June 25th, 1900, Wei Hsien, China	102
Ruins of Reverend F. H. Chalfant's House at Wei Hsien After Boxer Riots	108
A Fat Sheep Presented to the Missionaries by Yuan Shih K'ai as a Good-Will Offering	108
Miss Hawes and Helpers at Tengchow	146
One of Miss Hawes' Country-Village Bible Classes	150
The Presbyterian Chapel, Wei Hsien, China	156
Dr. Sun Yat Sen, Chinese Patriot	174
Sweet Girl Graduates, High School, Wei Hsien, China	186

ILLUSTRATIONS

	FACING PAGE
The Graduating Class of Shantung University, Wei Hsien, China	190
Yuan Shih K'ai, President of the Chinese Republic	202
Reverend George F. Fitch, D.D., Founder of Presbyterian Mission Press, Shanghai, China	248
Map of China Presbyterian Missions, Wei Hsien Mission, 5, Shantung Province . .	256

NEW THRILLS IN OLD CHINA

CHAPTER I

“HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER”

PREACH for Christ! Live for Christ! Be ready to die for Christ!” These were my father’s dying words to his elders, as they stood around his bed, and then, whispering to my mother, “All is bright,” his pure spirit passed away. He had “fought a good fight,” and had “finished his course,” and, like Paul, he had won the crown of righteousness that was laid up for him. My life was just beginning as his was closing, but I thank God for the precious heritage of my godly father, and the guidance and comfort of my brave, good mother, before whose fragrant memory my soul finds great comfort. A great pity moves my heart for those in heathen countries, who never had the backing of such godly ancestry as mine, and who bow in worship at the graves of those poor heathen parents who knew not God. Lacking the true teaching that was mine from earliest years, they blindly grope about, unconsciously crying: “Oh, that I knew where I might find Him; that I might come even to His seat!”

With the hope that some may be led to help the Chinese people to find God, I write this story of my life and work, including our escape from the Boxers, and experiences during the recent Revolution.

My father, Rev. Lowman Prince Hawes, was born in Maysville, Kentucky, October 5th, 1825. He and his little brother and sister, John and Margaret, were left orphans in their early childhood. Their father, Lowman Locke Hawes, was of English descent; graduated from Yale College in 1814, practised law in Maysville, Kentucky, where he married Charlotte Brown, the gentle daughter of Major John Brown, who came to America in 1798 from Belfast, Ireland, during the Irish Rebellion, and settled on an estate near Maysville.

My father was of a very gentle disposition, and his sorrows caused him to devote himself to his books and look upon life in a serious way, although he was only seven years of age when his parents died. The little orphans had an excellent guardian in Judge Richard Collins, and spent their early years in his home at Maysville. My father worked bravely away at his Latin grammar and prepared himself for Centre College, at Danville, Kentucky. He entered college in the middle of the sophomore year; graduated at seventeen years of age, with the highest honours of his class, in 1842. His parents did not

live to listen to his valedictory oration, but he honored his God, and, cherishing no bitter or rebellious feelings, consecrated his life to Christ, and humbly accepted His will in all things. He entered the Western Theological Seminary in Allegheny, where he graduated in 1846, and was licensed to preach by the Allegheny Presbytery. He supplied the Second Presbyterian Church, in Baltimore, Maryland, for six months. At the same time, my mother, a bright young woman, of Scotch-Irish ancestry, was teaching in the Third Ward School in Pittsburgh, and charming with her sweet voice and happy disposition her many friends and admirers, both in social and church life. She was the leading soprano singer in the choir of the Second Presbyterian Church in Pittsburgh, and for some years in St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, where she was presented one Christmas morning with a handsome purple velvet portfolio and ten dollars in gold. In later years she laughingly said she was thus the "first paid soprano in Pittsburg." Fifty Presbyterian ministers were present at my mother's wedding, for she was popular with my father's classmates, and they all came to the wedding. Dr. James B. Allison, late editor of the *Presbyterian Banner*, was best man. The ceremony was performed by her mother's brother, Rev. Alexander T. M' Gill, D. D., LL.D., late professor in the Princeton

Theological Seminary. My father's first call was to the church at Concord, near Pittsburgh, and read as follows: "Two hundred and fifty dollars a year to keep you from all worldly care." It was well that things were cheap before the war, and my happy parents set up housekeeping with very little expense. Her brother, William W. Wilson, a jeweller, presented them with silver for their table, and her brother, John, furnished them with chairs and tables, as he was a "cabinet-maker". When they sat down to their first meal in their modest little country home, they were so happy, and, with a satisfied smile, my father said: "This is the first meal I have ever sat down to in my own home!" The little orphan boy had his reward at last after his long, lonely years of study and perseverance.

The church at Huntingdon, Pa., called my father in 1850, and, during his pastorate there, in 1854, he went abroad for his health, the means being provided by his cousin, Judge Horace Hawes, of San Francisco, California. Returning, he was appointed professor of Greek and Latin in Carroll College, at Waukesha, Wisconsin, and supplied the Presbyterian Church there. His last charge was at Madison, Indiana, where I was born, and where he died of fever at thirty-five years of age. His last sermon was preached from the text, "To depart and be with Christ, which is far better."

The following is quoted from the "Encyclopedia of the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. A., including the Northern and Southern Assemblies," by Rev. Alfred Nevin, D. D., LL.D.; Managing Editor, D. R. B. Nevin, A. M.:

"Rev. Lowman Hawes labored at Huntingdon, Pa., and then at Beloit and Waukesha, Wisconsin, with marked success, and then was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, at Madison, Indiana, from 1857 until his death, in 1861. In all the relations of life he was consistent and exemplary; in the pulpit he was able, earnest and eloquent. Had he possessed a strong body and a fine voice, the rich thought, the classic beauty of his style, the impassioned glow of his emotions would have made him a famous preacher, hardly surpassed by any of his age."

On my return from China, in 1900, as I travelled through various presbyteries, especially in places where my father had preached so faithfully for the God he loved, I felt the fragrance of his sweet memory coming down all through the years, so many were the expressions of love for him and for my mother. Everyone spoke of her sweet voice. From my earliest years, I remember her singing in the early morning, and laughing cheerfully, although she had trials and difficulties in rearing her family of five children after my father's death, which would have caused any other widow to sit and weep. Plucky and

brave in spirit, and healthy in mind and body, she faced the future with a practical view, and, although urged to remain by the kind friends in Madison, she decided to remove to Washington, Pa., where there were good schools and healthful climate. So we travelled on the old "Hempfield Railroad" to Washington, Pa., and there were kind friends to welcome her. Reverend Dr. and Mrs. James I. Brownson, and Elder and Mrs. Colin Reed, of the First Presbyterian Church. They took her to their hearts and into the church and Sabbath School, and there we found our home. My mother's noble example has helped me over many a seeming hard place in China, when I have thought of her plucky, independent way of getting along, and winning everybody's love and respect by always being bright and keeping herself and children dainty and nice, in spite of her slender means.

CHAPTER II

EARLY LIFE AND EDUCATION

MY earliest recollections are in Washington, of course, picking yellow dandelions in the college campus, and playing with my sisters and brother. Then the day came alas! when I must go to school. Well do I remember clinging with both hands to the table leg or the machine stand every morning, and my mother pulling me away to go to Miss Martha Grayson's school; and my poor sister Anna's little face all red with mortification as she led her bawling sister down the street. One day Miss Grayson, in despair, came to our house, and told my mother if she would let her whip me, she was sure she could make a good girl of me. She said that I had such a triumphant look when I had "trapped" my sister in class, "which showed a wrong spirit," said dear Miss Grayson, shaking the little curls around her face. But my mother couldn't stand it to have her baby whipped, much as she knew I deserved it, so she took me out of school, and that pleased

me very much. Then, one day, along came Miss Priscilla Miller, who gave me a big old-fashioned penny, and asked me if I would not "like to go to her school for little girls and boys." I said "Yes," for I thought she was so nice. From that time, little stubborn "Lottie" never had any trouble about school. I never had the intense desire for study that possessed my parents, but I had enough of my Scotch-Irish ancestry in me to stubbornly stick to my lessons, and so passed through the grammar schools in the places where we lived, and, later on, graduated in 1877 from the Pittsburg Central High School.

During my High School course, I made my home on Mt. Washington with my sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Tasse, to whom I owe much for their kindness and help in my education. My mother and the rest of my family were then living in Sewickley, Pa. The news came to me of my dear sister Anna's confession of faith in Christ and uniting with the church. This was my playmate sister, the patient, pretty little maiden who had first led me crying to school, and now she was leading me to think of Christ. The Holy Spirit came to me, convicting me of my stubborn sins, and my pride gave way, and Christ received me as His willing child. So, with a dozen others, I stood before the old pulpit in the little church on Mt. Washington on January 24th, 1874, and was received into mem-

bership, to the joy of my pastor, Rev. P. S. Jennings, and my family.

It was also my dear sister Anna who carefully rolled the neat edges of the tarletan ruffles of my beautiful white graduating dress, which I wore that hot June night at our Commencement in the Pittsburg Opera House, and read my essay on the "Historical Associations of Pittsburg." How fine it was when I could make my bow and turn carefully around so that lovely train, my first, would sweep gracefully, and then sit down with my classmates and receive the pretty bouquets from kind friends, and my diploma! It was a happy time for us all, for while we always thought there never was such a choice class graduated from the High School as our class of '77, yet I think we were all glad to feel we were through the drudgery of preparation, and welcomed the glorious opportunities before us of doing something to make life sweet for our dear ones, and lighten their burdens by helping ourselves. People used to tell me: "Your school days are your best days," but I never believed it, because of the daily grind of getting hard lessons, and because the "best days" came afterwards in the joy of having a part in life and the hope of helping to make the world a little better for others, and perhaps to win some to love the Lord who hath "so loved us."

After my graduation, I taught school for a time in a country school, and in Mr. John Way's academy at Sewickley; also helped my brother, Rev. Edward P. Hawes, in his "Ingleside Academy," which he established at M'Donald, Pa., but as school-teaching was not my forte, I privately mastered a system of shorthand, and made practical use of that. For seven years I was a stenographer, taking dictation first from my brother-in-law, Col. John I. Nevin, editor of the Pittsburg *Leader*, and later in the correspondence office of the firm of P. Duff & Sons, Pittsburg. I humbly thank God for the lessons of patience and careful system in work which these varied experiences gave me, and I thank Him for the discipline of His guiding hand, and the many kind good friends He gave me all along the way.

CHAPTER III

CALL TO CHINA

“Lift up Your Eyes and Look on the Fields!”

THE evening of my dear mother's life drew near, and giving up my office work, I spent many precious hours with her in my sister's home, until one sad night, June 12th, 1894, the summons came, and with one glad, rapt look of joy, she saw her Saviour coming to meet her and passed away, breathing her last in my arms. The world does not contain a love like a mother's love, and to this day my heart goes out in yearning for my sweet mother. Miss Janie Rea, of East Liberty, and I went, just after this, to Northfield, Mass., where we both found comfort and a rich blessing in attending the Meetings held by that noble servant of God, Mr. Dwight L. Moody. Then, one cold winter day, when the snow was all over the ground, at a little foreign mission meeting, held in the parlor of the First Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Mrs. Frank H. Chalfant, who had spent eight years in China, told us of

her work, and the need for more workers in that far-off land. Not a thought of the needs of distant China came to me personally, as I sat by the leaflet table, selling missionary tracts to the ladies after the meeting, and taking their subscriptions to *Woman's Work*, etc., but suddenly there appeared before me the smiling faces of our returned missionary and Mrs. Munson, of the Park Avenue Church, who introduced her to me.

"Oh, I am very glad to meet you, Mrs. Chalfant," said I.

"Perhaps you won't be so glad," Mrs. Munson said, "when you find out what she wants?"

Not in the least suspecting her designs, I looked up in her face, asking: "Why, what do you want, Mrs Chalfant?"

She replied quietly: "I want you."

Amazed, I asked: "Oh, what do you want of me?"

And then, "Why, I want you to go to China!"

If she had hit me in the face, I could not have been more surprised and stunned, but when she said: "Promise me you will pray over it," and was gone, these words came to me: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you, that ye should go." I had not sought this call, but the Lord in His great condescension sent His messenger to me, and I could not shake off the conviction that I dare not be "disobedient to the

heavenly vision." So, after much prayer and consultation with my dear family, the decision was made, and "Peace which passeth all understanding with gladness filled my soul." Some years before this, my pastor, Rev. Isaac Hays, asked me to teach the little children of the "Home for the Friendless" on Sabbath afternoons, and the same peace was mine then; for it is indeed a joy to feel that God honors us with a sacred trust.

There was a nursery in connection with the "Home for the Friendless," and one day I persuaded our former neighbour, Mrs. H., of Sewickley, to come and see a sweet baby girl there, who had such beautiful brown eyes and curly brown hair, and had been abandoned by her parents to be given to anyone who would take her. Mrs. H. was advised by a neighbor to "Let the child alone," telling her "How much work she would make," etc. But Mrs. H. and her good husband had no children of their own, and they had a good home and plenty of means, and kind hearts, and they took the Christ Child in when they opened their arms to this little waif, and "Bessie is worth her weight in gold" was always their word with a bright smile. The inspector from the "Home" came one day, according to custom, to investigate if the child was properly cared for, and when he saw happy little Bessie playing beside her new

mother, who was making pies for dinner, his eyes filled with tears at the picture of contentment, and he only said: "It is all right. No need to ask any questions." But the parents lost no time in adopting their precious baby according to law, and so crowned their lives with the glory of the highest form of mission work.

"Feed My Lambs," says Jesus. And, dear friends, if you should receive a call to take a little child to cherish, or to go on Christ's errands, whether to the city slums or to those across the seas in heathen lands, "Away on the mountains, cold and bare, away from the tender Shepherd's care," listen to that Voice, rise up in God's strength, and for Christ's dear sake, GO! Accept the call, and no words can describe the peace which shall be yours, flowing into your soul like a river. It will help you to bear the separation from all who are dear to you, and Christ Himself stands so near when friends feel the pain of saying "Good-bye," and you suffer with them. He left His home. He left His loving Father. He gave up His glory. He came to this earth a foreign missionary to us, and He was rejected, He was despised, He was crucified! He loved us, and gave His life for us. Not that we loved Him, but that He loved us! Shall we deny Him, who is praying for us before the throne, who has prepared a place for us, "Whose name is above

every name." What is there so precious to you that you cannot give up to follow Him and reach Heaven's joys? "There is no other name under Heaven given among men whereby we (and the Chinese) may be saved." "Go and preach My Gospel" is His command. "Lo, I am with you alway" is His promise.

"It is the way the Master went,
Shall not the servant tread it still?"

CHAPTER IV

GOING TO CHINA

“Have not I commanded thee?

Fear not, I am with thee. Oh, be not dismayed.”

NO missionary ever left a sweeter family circle and home than mine. And all over the hills of Western Pennsylvania, and in Pittsburg, where I spent the most of my life, there were loving hearts praying for me as I sailed away from the “Golden Gate” of San Francisco in that good ship *Coptic*. We may well thank our “Heavenly Father for our daily blessings,” but oh, how we should especially praise Him for our friends! These make life sweet, and cheer us as we bear the daily load, and join us in our love to the Friend above all others.

Although my parents were dead when I left for China, yet I have always felt I had their approval in taking this step. My father was an earnest believer in foreign missions, and he used to pin a five-dollar bill in my mother’s hymn-book on “Foreign Mission Sabbath,” telling her it was for the “evangelization of the world.”

My brother Edward and sister Anna and my brother-in-law, Col. John I. Nevin, had all passed away. I left my two dear sisters, Mrs. Tassej and Mrs. Nevin both in comfortable, happy homes, both having four grown children. My nephew, Edward P. Hawes, and his mother, a lady of Christian refinement and intelligence, lived with her mother and brother in Pittsburg. All were in good health and I was free to go.

Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Chalfant, their two children, Margaret and Ned, and also Dr. George Chalfant, missionary father, composed our party as the train left the Union Station; Dr. Chalfant going with us to the ship, cheering and enlivening everybody on the trains all along the way. We stopped with friends at St. Louis, and also at Denver on Sabbath. By request, I spoke at a Christian Endeavour meeting, and as I passed out of the church an old gentleman stopped me, saying: "You are all right, but I never would have believed anything good could come out of Pittsburg!" Telling him that was pretty hard on my city, I hastened to the train, which was nearly due to start. Mrs. Chalfant and I got the children and baggage on the train, and by favor of the conductor the train was held eight minutes, when Mr. Chalfant and his father, who had all the tickets, came dashing through the gate. They had been speaking for foreign missions, too, in one of the Denver

churches. At San Bernardino my cousin, Mrs. Walter Grow, and her husband came to meet us, and presented us with a splendid bushel sack of freshly picked ripe oranges from their ranch. Oh, how delicious they were, the sweet juice fairly bursting through the skin, and how the little Chalfants and all of us pounced upon them, quenching our thirst, and "Grandpa Chalfant" treated the whole car of travel-worn passengers, too, with the fruit.

At San Francisco we sailed away with bright skies and favorable winds. The Pacific Ocean is very, very wide and not always very pacific. There were days when the racks were used on the tables to keep the soup from spilling and the dishes from smashing, and the passengers did not always appear at meals, so we were glad to go ashore at Honolulu and see the kind friends, Rev. and Mrs. Frank Damon, who invited "all missionaries on the ship" to their home. I felt especially near to Mrs. Damon, as her brother, Rev. Andrew P. Happer, had married my cousin, Mary D. M'Gill, and she said to me: "I just feel like laying hands on you. I need you to help me visit the Chinese women here." But we were bound for Wei Hsien, China, so on we went, stopping at Yokohama, then at Kobe, where we were met by Mrs Nellie Cuthbert Bryan, another Pittsburg missionary, who helped us greatly with her fluent Japanese. At

Shanghai I learned that Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Happer had just sailed to Chefoo, returning from Saigon, where Mr. Happer had received treatment for dog-bite. We telegraphed to Chefoo, where they waited for me, and we spent a very precious day together in the home of Mrs. John L. Nevius. My cousin not having seen any of her people for three years, welcomed me joyfully. Mr. Happer looked hale and hearty, and his blue eyes very clear and bright. But alas! very soon after their return to New Chwang he died of hydrophobia in great agony. He had often preached in the chapel there, and while he had strength before his death he exhorted the Chinese to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER V

GOING TO WEI HSIEN

WEI HSIEN is located in the centre of the great Shantung Province, and is about half way between Shanghai and Peking. You can easily reach Wei Hsien now by steamer to Tsingtau, and thence by six hours' railroad ride. But at that time, January, 1897, there was no railway, and we were obliged to travel six days from the coast by mule litter. This is a vehicle composed of ropes and poles, with a big scoop-bonnet made of straw mats on top. You put your bed-clothes and your baggage in first, and then you get in the big bonnet, and the Chinese lift the poles and up you go on the backs of two mules, one before and one behind, and if you want to know how milk feels when it is being churned, just get into a mule litter (or shenza), and go to Wei Hsien, and you will find out. It was extremely cold, so we were glad to put on the good warm Chinese garments prepared for us by our good friends at Chefoo, Dr. and Mrs. William O. Elterich, who are also Pittsburgers, and who took me in their

home and did their best to give me a start in my missionary career, and one day tried me with some Chinese food. These were dumplings filled with chopped-up pork, and made me so wretchedly ill all day that I decided to let Chinese food alone.

Let no new missionaries be discouraged if they cannot eat underdone pork and cabbage dumplings, flavored with garlic, for it is not necessary to the conversion of the Chinese heathen. Dr. Hunter Corbett and many other successful missionaries take their food-box to the country and eat proper food, prepared in a civilized way, believing it to be of the highest importance to preserve a good digestion and keep the body in healthy condition for work. It is also a decided advantage in itinerating among the Chinese villages to be able truthfully to say: "I have brought my own food with me, because I eat American food, so do not trouble to cook for me, but please let us rest, and listen while we talk about Jesus." Many of our village people are poor, and yet so willing to show their love for you they would give you food they need themselves for their own poor bodies. Like the Galatians, who loved Paul so, they would have given him their "very eyes." However, it is sometimes wise to accept a drink of the Chinese millet soup, which is very palatable, and tends to sociability, and gives you a

pleasant way of reaching the hearts of the women as you sit with them on the k'ang; and if the people are not well off, you can please them by a little gift as you leave.

A healthy mind in a healthy body every missionary should strive for and earnestly pray for, and try to live in peace with other missionaries who come from every corner of the world with every variety of disposition. There is a wonderfully sweet bond existing between missionaries, however, and if you come out to China, ready to serve Christ and forget self, and live your religion by loving your neighbour as yourself, and "never sit down with a tear or a frown, but paddle your own canoe," you will get along all right. And you will find, too, that the missionaries are a splendid people to be associated with, for they are graduates of all the best colleges and universities in America and England, and you must get up pretty early in the morning if you want to get ahead of them.

On our way to Wei Hsien, we stopped over Sabbath in Tengchow. It was my privilege to be entertained in the home of Dr. and Mrs. Calvin W. Mateer, the noble founders of the Shantung Christian College. It had not yet been transferred to Wei Hsien, and the students were constantly coming in for advice about their studies, or for medical help from Mrs. Mateer, to whom they looked as to a mother. Here I

began to study the language, learning to count and to tell my age in reply to that daily question, "How old are you?" This makes an American woman awful mad, but in China it is a compliment to you. Dr. Mateer encouraged me by saying: "The Chinese sticks to you like the burs to my pants!"

When I reached Wei Hsien a crowd of Chinese women called on me at Mrs. Faries' home, and they threw up their hands in amazement when I answered their question as to my age. "Oh! She talks Chinese. How smart she is! This is only her first day, too!" So I gained the reputation for knowing far more than I really did. But it is worth something to get the loving favour of the people right at the start, for they are so constituted that they never alter their first-formed opinion of us without some extraordinary good reason for it.

CHAPTER VI

FIRST SIGHT OF WEI HSIEN MISSION

“Yet Will I Be to Them as a Little Sanctuary in the Countries where they shall come.”

AS we drew near to the Wei Hsien Compound, that bleak day in early March, our shenzas slowly winding tandem-style through the narrow road, the few missionary homes looked very cosy nestling within the brick-walled enclosure of the compound. As my eyes rested on the Chalfant house, with its tile roof, decorated with little dogs on the edges and a circular window looking out from their one upstairs room, Mrs. Chalfant called back to me from her shenza just ahead of mine: “Miss Hawes, do you see that round window? That is your room!”

That little room with the round window was the first room I lived in when I came to China, and it was the last room where I stood with two other missionaries and a few Chinese Christians on the day of the Boxer riots, June 25th, 1900, and faced death! But it is one of the

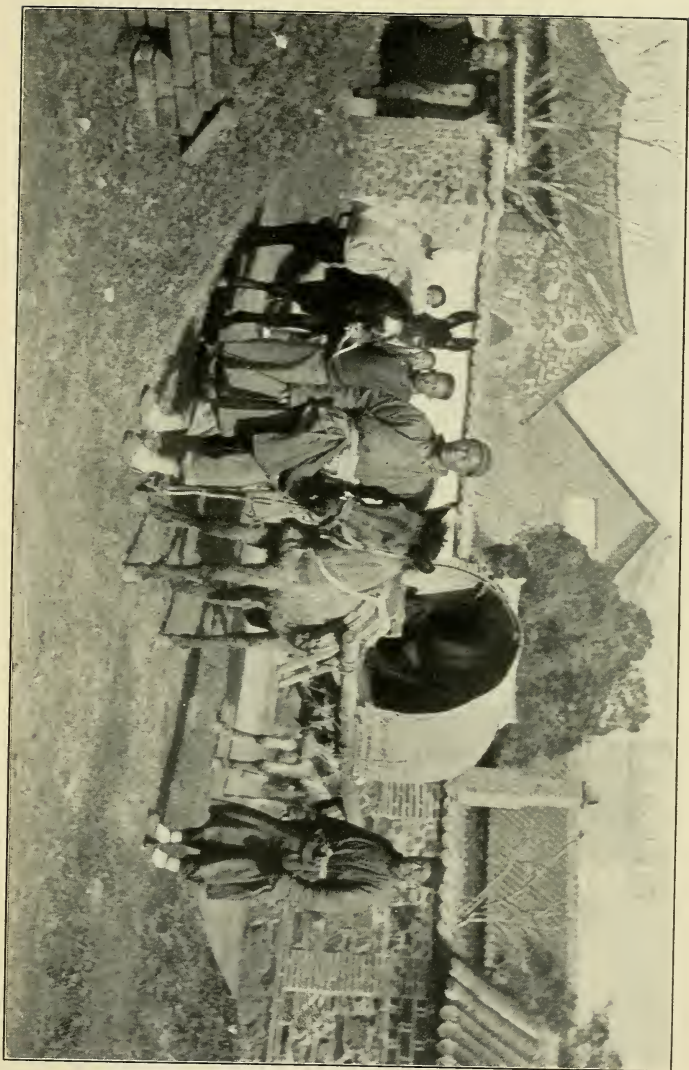
kindest provisions of our Heavenly Father that we cannot see into the future. He mercifully drops a curtain before us, and gives us "strength as our day shall be."

We were met at the gate of the compound by Rev. Calvin Wight, who, with his sister Fannie, lived next the Chalfants, in a one-storied house—noble, self-sacrificing missionaries. After I had begun itinerating, I saw a beautiful evidence of the love of the Chinese people for Miss Wight. In a village sixty li from Wei Hsien, while teaching a class of women, I happened to look up and saw a foreign cane-seated chair tied up in the peaked roof over our heads. "Why is that chair tied up there so high?" I asked, and one of the women replied softly: "That was the chair Miss Wight used when she taught us." No one else may use that chair. She was one of the noble women who constantly thought of others in her work. At one village she slept upon a table so that the Chinese women might occupy the k'ang and study through the day. This was in one of the twelve villages she visited in bitter cold weather, and, upon her return, died of pneumonia. A year later her brother died of the same disease, and "Calvin and Fannie" lie side by side in the little foreign cemetery at Chefoo.

CHAPTER VII

WEI HSIEN MISSION

THE Wei Hsien Presbyterian Mission Station is located a mile east of Wei Hsien City, a walled city of 100,000 inhabitants. Dr. Hunter Corbett, who came out to China in 1863 in a sailing vessel, enduring untold hardships by sea and land, first "opened the desert," preaching all through this region. He found it very hard to get a place even to lodge for a night in some places, because of the hostile feeling to foreigners. Once he was driven out of a village and told he must go. While standing by his things, waiting for the cart to come, he looked at his watch to see what time it was, and a curious bystander held out his hand and said: "Let me see your watch." Dr. Corbett replied: "I will give you this book, and if you read it, and believe, it will be worth more to you than a hundred watches." The man took the book, which was a copy of "Mark's Gospel," and after Dr. Corbett left he read it. Again the good missionary came to that village, and this time he was not driven out, for he



DR. HUNTER CORBETT IN HIS SHENZA

was cordially welcomed in the home of that man "Wang," who had begged for his watch. He said:

"Oh, I had an awful time after you left. I read that book through, but I threw it aside, saying, 'That book is for sinners, not for me?' But just after that a woman went across my yard, and I had told her so often to stop going through my place that this time I was determined to stop it, and I lost my temper and struck her."

Then her family rose up and demanded money, and after a terrible time with the angry people, and spending much money to feast them, the man was humiliated, and in the quiet of his home he acknowledged that he "needed that book," for he felt himself a sinner, and he read it through once more to the salvation of his soul. Dr. Corbett's visit occurred just at the right time, and he led that soul to Christ. Through that one convert, many others were influenced and souls won and added to the church, and Dr. Corbett's name is honoured and revered in many households all over this region. "Li Pa" was one of his converts who suffered persecution for his faith. One day his heathen neighbours gathered around his house with lighted torches, preparing to set fire to the dry thatched roof. Dr. Corbett, hearing of the trouble, entered the house and knelt down, of-

fering a prayer for God to protect this family of believers. Instantly a heavy shower of rain fell and soaked the roof, and the heathen were so struck by the speedy answer to prayer that they left the place and never bothered them again.

Then, in 1882, Rev. Robert H. Mateer, D.D., and Rev. J. H. Laughlin came and bought land, and organized the Wei Hsien Mission. The first house was built with the help of "Li Pa" and others, and was put up with difficulty, for Mr. Mateer was obliged to sleep out with the lumber to keep the heathen from stealing it. When I arrived the station had grown so there were five houses, occupied by the following missionaries—Rev. and Mrs. R. M. Mateer, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Fitch, Rev. and Mrs. F. H. Chalfant, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Faries, Miss Fannie and Rev. Calvin Wight, Dr. Mary Brown, Miss E. F. Boughton, and Mrs. Mary Crossette. There were the two High Schools, boys' and girls', and also primary schools in the country. Also hospitals for men and women and a plain neat chapel at the south end of the compound.

Every morning at eight o'clock a big bell swung high on a derrick-like structure sounded out the call for prayers, and everybody in the whole compound, Chinese and foreign, dropped their work or play, and catching up Testament and hymn-book, hurried to prayers. There were

prayers in the schools, prayers in the hospitals, prayers at the big gate for stray Christians and heathen, and prayers in the homes. There may be more musical voices than the Chinese have, but when I returned to America I longed to hear the Chinese sing at morning prayers. It is sweet to "See heathen nations bending before the God we love." Today the Lord's Prayer, so beautiful in every language, is going up from the lips and hearts of three hundred thousand Christians in China, and the "Father seeketh such to worship Him."

While learning the language, my study was in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mateer, and I attended morning prayers with them at the Boys' High School, which was under their charge and located in their yard. Their little children, "Dickson" and "Kathleen," used to come running to meet me and give me a good-morning kiss. The children at Wei Hsien are the bright, sweet little sunbeams for the whole compound. When I came back from my country trips they would chatter around my shenza while it was being lifted down from the mules' backs, and, as I climbed out, all clamour at once their invitations to take my first meal at their house. It was sweet to have their welcome, and fun to hear them chatter:

"Now I asked her first!"

"No, I did. She is coming to our house!"

And away they would run to tell their mother. Once Mrs. Chalfant, on an errand to see Mrs. Fitch, who happened to be out, found little Worth and Hugh helping to set the table, and engaged in a pretty lively argument, with knives and forks flourishing in their hands.

One said: "One knife and fork are enough for Miss Hawes!"

The other said: "No, she ought to have two, for she is our Sabbath-school teacher!"

During my first year of study I gathered the little foreign children together on Sabbath afternoons for a lesson, while their parents were busy teaching the Chinese. One day, while trying to explain to them the lesson about the last day when the end of the world should come and everything be consumed, little Culbert Faries, his eyes filled with alarm, exclaimed:

"We'll have to go home and get out our things!" And then, when the others giggled, he said:

"Oh, well, we are going home to Grandpa's next year, so it will be all right."

Another day, when Culbert seemed really to be taking in the lesson, he surprised me by saying: "We are going to have cheese for supper!" Little Margaret Chalfant, with a disgusted tone, said:

"Oh! Culbert, that hasn't anything to do with the lesson."

One memorable afternoon little Dickson Ma-teer, five years old, repeated to the class the following true story which he had heard a Chinese pastor tell at the morning service: "A Christian woman whose heathen husband beat her cruelly because she persisted in going to church, one day knelt by the bank of a stream and prayed for God to help her, as she saw her husband coming after her. His hard heart was touched, and instead of beating her, he lifted her up on his back, carried her over the stream, and went with her to church, where he heard the message of salvation and became a Christian." Little Dickson took very ill that evening, and in spite of the efforts of the doctors, who were with him all night, passed away at sunrise. A few weeks later his little sister Kathleen was taken, both children affected by the same strange disease. And Jesus gathered these pure lambs to His bosom from our little Wei Hsien circle. Then in the terrible heat of the summer of 1901, when thirteen sons of missionaries in the Chefoo school died of ptomaine poison, our dear little Worth Fitch was taken. The lives of children are very precious in China, and while they are a great joy to the missionary life, they are also a source of anxious care. My first share in mission work was helping to prepare a tiny coffin for Irene Hayes, little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Watson Hayes, who

was playing in the yard when I arrived in Tengchow, but was dead in two days after. The Chinese make no coffins for children, their usual custom being to throw out the little bodies to be devoured by dogs. The Christian Chinese give their children decent Christian burial, and we hope to see a universal change for the better in this regard all over China. However, the Chinese spend freely to buy the huge coffins for grown persons. Display is considered very respectable, and rich people spend large sums upon funerals. At every heathen funeral, cymbals and gongs are sounded and guns and firecrackers fired off to scare away the evil spirits. The ancestral tablet is set up under a canopy of straw mats and poles, and is worshipped by the relatives, who dress in coarse white cloth frayed at the edges, and there is loud crying to indicate their grief. Sometimes the cries are paid for, but it is often very real, and it is heart-rending to hear the wailing of: "Father!" or "Mother! My Mother!" from those who sorrow without hope.

One day I heard a woman, passing a country chapel, wailing, "Father! Father!" and going to the door, I said: "Sister, you come here this afternoon and listen to the Jesus story, and it will comfort you."

The woman gave no sign that she had heard me, but passed on, crying, her head bound up

in white and the white garments about her. But in the afternoon that woman came along, dressed in her ordinary clothes, and leading a little child. She talked in a quiet way and I found out that she had bought that child from a starving family for a few strings of cash, and she was very kind to the little thing, and she listened very earnestly to the Jesus story and studied well. She was comforted and is now a Christian woman.

It is also very sad to see little Chinese children burning incense to and worshipping the "Children's god." This hideous idol has his birthday in April, and at that time the heathen children go up to the temple with offerings to thank the idol for keeping the wolf away from them. He is represented as holding a bow and arrow, ready to strike the wolf, which is up in the ceiling, ready to spring. The heathen believe that when a child dies, if its body is not given at once to the dogs, the dog being the nearest relation to the wolf, that the real wolf will come and take another child. Hence the awful custom keeps up in China, and it is a common sight; but Christianity is helping the children more and more every year to leave the "Children's god," and come to the Christ-child, and many little children in China are happy now when Christmas comes, and they understand it is the birthday of Jesus, the Friend of children.

CHAPTER VIII

LEARNING THE LANGUAGE

EVERY new missionary who comes to the interior of China has to toil the first thing to learn to talk in Chinese, for not a single word in English is spoken or understood. So I found myself at once in a position where I could not talk, which is putting a woman in a very bad fix. In a day or so, however, my Chinese teacher, Wang Yuan Teh, appeared with smiling face and little blinking black eyes, very clean and neat in his plain Oriental dress, with long shiny black queue down his back. He looked so much to me like a young girl with his long black hair and flowing garments that I was reminded of my nieces at home. However, he was quite dignified, his voice was very clear and distinct, though he knew no English, and his patience in reading the sentences from the lesson-book was endless. I read them after him like a poll-parrot, imitating his tones as closely as possible. I felt sorry for him, because his eyes were so badly affected he was obliged to give up his college course after completing his

first year. Dr. Faries examined his eyes, feared he was going blind, and told him so. Poor Wang prayed all night in his room for God to spare his eyes, offering himself to God's service. His prayer was answered, his eyes gradually healed, and he has given his best strength and years to the service of the church.

Inheriting my father's love for languages, it was a pleasure to me to study Chinese, but it is a very difficult language, and I grappled desperately with the conversation, as I was most anxious to get a working knowledge of this strange tongue. Every morning I rose very early and committed Chinese sentences before breakfast, and then, after morning prayers, began to study with the teacher, who always first bent his head, removing his black satin cap with the red button, and asked God to help "Hwoa Kuniang" to get the language so she could teach his people the "True Doctrine."

"Hwoa Kuniang" is my Chinese name, the nearest approach to "Hawes Miss." The Chinese always say the title last, as they do everything else the reverse of our way. For instance, reading a book from the back to the front; reading the denominator before the numerator of a fraction; wearing white instead of black for mourning, etc.

My handy boy, "Li Fang Ling," was a great chatterbox, and therefore a great help in get-

ting the talk. Also I used to set him at reading the lesson-book to me after the teacher's hours. He often had to dash out to ask a school-boy to tell him a character in the lesson which he did not know, and so improved his own reading. One day he grew tired of reading, and when Mrs. Mateer came in my study with her baby, saying cheerfully, "Now it's five o'clock. Time to stop," Li Fang Ling, with a broad grin, dropped the book and disappeared, exclaiming:

"Mrs. Mateer's coming is so lucky! My lips are so dry! So dry!"

CHINESE ENGAGEMENTS. "THEY WOULD
A-WOING GO!"

One day Wang, my teacher, startled me by saying two native pastors had told him he must get engaged to be married. When he protested that he did not want to, these "middlemen" settled his case by saying it was "Chinese custom," and he meekly asked whom they had chosen for him to marry. They said, "Li Yu Mei," a very "suitable girl in the Girls' High School." Wang told them he would "not sign the engagement papers till Miss Hawes had seen the girl and told him what she was like!" He had never seen her, as a broad blue and white calico curtain with splashy figures of big-eyed fish was stretched from end to end of the chapel,

completely screening the women and girls from the gaze of the sterner sex. When service was ended, the men left the church by the main door, while the women remained seated for some time after, and then left by a side door.

All this was so different from our American customs that I objected to his marrying the girl till he should find out first if he could love her, warning him that he might make a terrible mistake which would spoil his life. He listened politely, but said: "It may be American custom for young men and women to see each other and converse before marriage, but it is not Chinese custom." And so, to please Wang, I went to the Girls' School, where Mrs. Chalfant was just getting the girls out for a walk. How nice and neat and happy they all looked, dressed in clothing made by their own hands, even to their pretty white stockings and low embroidered shoes which encased their unbound feet. Mrs. Chalfant called my attention to a shy young maiden with very sweet expression, but very plain face, and whispered: "She is Li Yu Mei."

"Oh," I thought, "what a pity my nice teacher cannot get one of the pretty girls!"

But when I returned and said: "Wang, she is not at all pretty, but she has a nice disposition," he smiled with perfect content, and said:

"No matter about the looks. Since she has a good heart, it is all right!"

And he signed the engagement papers, which in China are as binding as a marriage bond, and "Not a wave of trouble rolled across his peaceful breast." He sent her betrothal presents, and everything was complete and satisfactory.

A few days later Li Fang Ling came sheepishly into the room, and seated himself back of my chair, close to the rockers on the floor, and as he did not speak, I asked him: "What affair have you, sitting back there so I can't rock my chair?" He laughed a little nervously and said his family wanted him to get engaged! "Curious, thought I, that these young people should come to consult me about their love matters." When I asked him if the girl he wanted was a Christian, he said: "No, but she is willing to study the doctrine."

"Has she unbound her feet?"

"No, her feet are bound, and her parents want thirty strings of cash for her."

"Well, you can't have her," I said, "for I won't give you thirty strings of cash for a heathen girl to be your wife. There are plenty of good Christian girls with big feet." To my relief, he said: "I never saw her and I don't want her. My people told me to ask you." And away he went, glad to be let off with a good excuse.

Later on, however, Cupid's darts began to fly

again. When I was in a country village, among the women who came to study was a pretty young Christian school-girl, whose bright eyes charmed Li Fang Ling, as he opened the gate to admit them, and I saw her blushing as he silently handed her an empty condensed-milk can, which she slipped up her sleeve. In vain he tried to arrange a match with her, for her people said his home was too far off, and besides, he owned no land. I wonder what an American girl would think if her lover had only an empty tin can to offer her for a present! Wang's match was also a failure, as his fiancée took ill, and he was sent for to pray beside her death-bed. He returned looking very sad, and said: "I am sorry she did not live, for I could have loved that girl. She was very nice."

It was well these early attempts at matrimony were unsuccessful, for when these young men grew several years older they were better able to care for a wife, and were both happily married to good women.

CHAPTER IX

NEWS FROM HOME

“As Cold Waters To A Thirsty Soul, so is Good News from a Far Country.”

WE were always so glad when the mail-messenger arrived from Chefoo, and eagerly seized our share of home letters when the mail-bag was emptied out and contents divided. Before the Boxer riots of 1900, having no railway to the coast, we had to wait two weeks for our home letters to be brought to us from Chefoo, and often longer, as the roads were bad. Now we rejoice in a daily mail delivery, and have splendid service in the new Siberian Railway, which brings news to us written by our friends only twenty-five days previous. Sometimes we get the “good news from the far country,” but alas! bad news travels fast, too,” and our hearts are pierced as we read of the dear ones who leave the little home circle one by one.

About six months after I came to China the news reached me of the death of my dear sister,



THE HOUSE WHERE MISS HAWES TAUGHT BIBLE CLASS
BEFORE THE BOXER RIOTS

Mrs. Tassej, and then a little later my niece, Mary Hawes Nevin, a dear, beautiful girl. Again the gates of Heaven have opened and received my sister, Mrs. Edward P. Hawes, then her mother, and then my beloved nephew, Ernest D. Nevin. These are the times when we feel most keenly the separation from our loved ones, and long to comfort them in their sorrow as these precious ties are severed. And we understand a little of the joy it will be when we shall all reach that blessed country where there is "no more sea."

Our Chinese friends are extremely tender and sympathetic when we are in sorrow. When the news came to me of my nephew's death, an old Christian coolie passed by, and seeing my grief, prayed on his knees, the tears pouring over his face: "Heavenly Father, I beseech Thee, help Hwoa Kuniang! She has some deep sorrow. I don't know what it is, but if it is any of us Chinese who have hurt her, help us to help her!"

Dr. S. A. Hunter, while living at Chining Chow, was shocked one day by his cook entering his study loudly weeping. Asking him what dreadful thing had happened, he could not at first control himself to reply.

"Is my wife sick? Are my children hurt?" asked Dr. Hunter in alarm.

"No, no! Your *mother* is dead!" He had

just been told by Mrs. Hunter, who had first received the news.

Especially do they feel for us when an old person is taken from our family. My mother's beautiful portrait, hanging in my study, was greatly revered. Sometimes the heathen women wanted to worship her, and they were always willing to listen when I talked to them of how she loved her Saviour, and how He came to meet her and took her to Heaven, where she is waiting for me and my sister. And how He has told them to believe in Him and not let their hearts be troubled, for He has promised to come to meet them too, if they will believe in Him, and give up the false gods which have no power to save their souls, and Jesus will receive them too in His Father's house.

The Chinese honour their old people, and in their ignorance, worship their ancestry at the graves, but may it not be possible that China is not divided up today between the nations because there is a blessed Fifth Commandment, with a promise?

“Honor Thy Father and Thy Mother!”

There is comfort in the thought that God has not only blessed and prospered His church through the fiery persecutions of the Boxer war and other great events, but He has also used

even our individual troubles to advance His Kingdom. One striking instance of this occurred when I was teaching a class in a heathen village, forty-five li from Wei Hsien. It was cold weather and the snow was all over the ground, when the messenger came out, bringing me fresh bread and home letters, sent out by Mrs. Chalfant. I was glad to see him, for it had been hard work to start that class. I was the first foreign woman who had ever been in that village, and it was such a circus to the villagers, who crowded in so all around me to see the "Foreign Devil" I could scarcely turn around to get my meals or rest, and my teacher, who tried to preach in the yard, advised me to give it up and go to another village, but I said: "No, I am not going to let the devil get this village if I can help it." Then God heard our prayers and gave us a good Bible class. The people's curiosity abated, and we had about twenty-five women studying around the rude tables for twenty-one days and souls were won. One of the women had come there very much against her will. She went crying along the road with her little six-year-old daughter, and when people asked her what was the matter, she would say: "Oh, I don't want to go to the devil's class, and learn their religion! My husband made me come because he is one of the 'Second Devils,' but I am not one."

When she arrived her little girl came to me and told me her name was "Chuen Mei" (that is, "Beautiful Spring"), and it pleased the mother to see me pet the child and listen to her little songs. The Holy Spirit completed the work in her heart when she saw me in trouble. For the women clustered around me to hear me translate to them my letters, and tell them the wonderful news from across the sea. Alas! The first letter told me of my dear niece's death, and little Chuen Mei patted my hands and tried to comfort me. Then, hearing the cymbals and noise of a passing funeral, I told them how my niece had gone to Heaven because she believed in the Saviour, so I would surely see her again, but "those people out there going to the temple to worship idols have not this hope, for their loved one did not believe in the true God." And then the mother who "did not want to learn our religion" gave her heart to Jesus and became a Christian. She has been a faithful student and Bible woman ever since, and her little daughter has graduated from our Wei Hsien High School and is now teaching in that very village a school of twenty Christian girls. Another heathen woman, Mrs. Hu, also became a Christian at that time, and has helped to teach the women in the villages around her home. Her daughter is also one of our graduates and teaches the girls' school at Chining Chow.



CH'UN MEI AND HER TWENTY CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS

All the idols have been taken out of that temple where that heathen funeral went that day, and have been pitched into a deep ditch in front of the temple, which has now been converted into a boys' school.

“Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom.”

CHAPTER X

DELIGHTS OF COUNTRY WORK IN CHINA

WHILE the educational work in the compound is interesting and very important, the foreign missionary who goes outside the compound walls and visits from village to village in the homes of the people sees the great need, gets into their life, and finds her way into their hearts in a way she never could in the schoolroom of the foreign compound. Happy was I when I could take my Bible-woman with me in the shenza, cart, or barrow, and start out for a country trip, and many an upset have we had, too. But never any bones broken, and we have always had cause for rejoicing.

We have one hundred and seventy out-stations, and six thousand Christians in the wide district around Wei Hsien, with a population of about three million people. This district is visited by our evangelistic foreign missionaries, native pastors and helpers. My work is teaching the women and children in this district, visiting in the homes, and holding Bible classes. And now such beautiful progress has been made by

our Christian women in their Bible studies it is wonderful to see the changes that have taken place, in contrast to the early days. Instead of my having to crowd in the shenza with a fat Chinese woman and her heavy baggage, and travel in that uncomfortable way for a day's time to my Bible class in the country, I go out entirely free, and find plenty of good Christian women in the neighborhood of wherever I teach a class, who are trained workers now and glad to come when called from their homes to help in the work. Some of these before the riots had only just learned their first prayer. The steady teaching, with God's blessing, has brought about this happy change.

Then, at the close of my Bible classes, the women go out, two by two, throughout the heathen villages, where there are no Christians, and spend weeks at a time, voluntarily teaching the Gospel.

There is a distressing lack of native pastors and evangelists in our Wei Hsien district, because of the constant demand from outside places for our trained men; and also, because of the inadequate support for our native ministry, in the face of the increased cost of living and education of their children. Wei Hsien mission is called upon for Christian workers from all over China. Our graduates go out to every province, and each year our own Wei Hsien

work must suffer because of this constant drain. While we rejoice that so many are doing such splendid work throughout China, preaching the Gospel and filling positions of trust, yet we pray earnestly for an out-pouring of God's Spirit upon our country work around Wei Hsien, that the native pastors, and teachers, and evangelists, who are coming out from our Union Theological Seminary at Tsingchowfu, and those already on the field, may be cheered by receiving better support for their labours, and still more abundant spiritual fruits. Men Christians are being constantly trained for Christian work by conventions and Bible classes held both at Wei Hsien and in the country districts by our foreign missionaries, and they go out in bands of two, three, and even as many as forty throughout heathen villages where there are no Christians, sowing broadcast the good seed in the desert places. This is voluntary work subscribed and given freely by the Christians. Ten thousand days of voluntary preaching were subscribed in one section recently, account kept of the promised time, and credit given for each day's preaching. The people are doing the work earnestly and enthusiastically.

Before the riots I went out with our Dr. Mary Brown on a wheel-barrow to visit her old Bible-woman who lived in a village seventy li from Wei Hsien. The old lady was out when

we arrived at sunset, but soon she came in, saying: "I have just been out watching the men dig my grave, and I told them to wait for a better day, as it looked like rain." This was several years before she died, but the Chinese are very fore-handed about such things, and they believed her recent stroke meant a speedy death.

They also have a way of dressing sick people in their grave clothes which would shock any American into speedy dissolution. One of our Wei Hsien school-girls was very ill when I came to her village, far out from Wei Hsien. She was so pleased to see me, and happy with some little Christmas gifts I gave her, which, I told her, were just like those her classmates had received from our American friends across the sea. She was very pretty, with heavy braids of glossy black hair and dark eyes. She asked my Bible-woman to comb her hair for her, and the next day she asked her mother to dress her in her grave clothes, saying: "I am all ready. I must go." When her grandfather asked her if Jesus had come for her, she said: "Not yet, but He is coming." And in a moment she saw Him coming, and died with a triumphant smile.

In the same village a woman died in great terror, screaming all night: "Satan has come! I am bound! He has bound me!" When her Christian sister urged her to believe and trust in

Jesus, as she had often urged her to before she took sick, the poor woman only wailed: "Too late now, I am bound!" and died in agony.

Dr. Ting, for years before the Boxer riots, was our Dr. Faries' Christian helper in the hospital. He died on his knees while praying (during the Boxer war), after many noble services rendered to poor persecuted Christians. His widow has done beautiful work with me in the country as my Bible-woman, and has won many souls to Christ. Her eldest daughter, "Dorcas," a graduate of our High School, studied medicine, and was the favorite native assistant to the sick in the Woman's Hospital. She became ill, and after suffering many months, died in great peace. I visited her many times during her illness, and when I would go to her, saying, "I love you, Dorcas, and Jesus loves you," she would always smile so brightly and say, "I know." One day her mother left the room, and heard Dorcas laughing. Wonderingly she went to her, asking: "What are you laughing at?"

"Oh, I am thinking of Heaven and the golden streets and the gates of pearl!"

When I saw her again she asked me to sing "We are out on an ocean sailing," and joined with me in the last verse, her voice very weak, but the words especially clear at the last—"Wan-liao hsin k'ou, ch'engliao pan wang," etc. That is, in English:

“When we all are safely anchored,
We will shout, our trials o'er;
We will walk about the city,
And we'll sing forevermore.”

In a year her younger sister, “Ai Hsiang,” that is, “Fragrant Love,” passed away. She was a lovely young Christian, one of our school-girls, and just before her death she opened her eyes very wide and said: “Why, who are all these people? All dressed in white!” Her aunt said: “What people?” The girl said: “Why these people all dressed in white!” Then suddenly she exclaimed: “Sister! Sister!” and with a bright smile she joined her sister in Heaven. I often think God manifests Himself most clearly to these people to encourage them in their Christian faith, and dear Ai Hsiang's glimpse of the white-robed angels and her sister was one of many triumphant deaths in these humble homes where God sends His messengers.

Once I slept in a room where there was a very large coffin, and the rats were very free about chasing over my bed, as often happened in my travels. In the morning, when the family gathered for prayers, the old grandfather smiled, and smoothing the coffin with his hand, said to me: “See what a beautiful coffin my son has given to me. Isn't the wood fine? It cost a lot of money.” When the old folks in China get a present of a coffin from their sons, they con-

sider it a very high mark of filial love, and are proud as peacocks, not in the least taking it as a hint for them to use it.

Just before the Boxer riots began in Shantung, I had a large class in Poa Hsing, where many women studied the Gospel for the first time. It was growing dangerous then, however, and every night the native pastor and elder kept watch, as the thieves were busy and had stolen a donkey and burned the gate of one of the Christian families. After the riots, when I returned to China, I had another large class in that region, and the elder said: "All those women you had in that class before the riots can read in their Bibles now!" After this very encouraging class was over, Elder Liu got out his big cart, and packed it with our bedding, and my Bible-woman and I sat on top, while the men helpers walked. The cart was drawn by a big mule, and in front a pair of very large strong oxen. We travelled for several miles, and then we came to a river which we hoped to cross by bridge, and so reach a village on the other side, where we had promised our next Bible class. But alas! The bridge was nearly all washed away by a flood of high water and floating blocks of ice! The prospect was not alluring, but a coolie was hired to lead the oxen, and, selecting a place to cross where the water seemed the shallowest—but alas! the bank was

steepest—the elder, cracking his long whip and shouting, the cart, with all of us and our stuff on top of it, went with a tremendous swoop down into the icy river! We got only about a third of the way across, when the oxen stooped to drink, and the coolie tugged in vain, for they were as fixed as a stone wall, and the cart veered around with the strong current. A big crowd collected on the bank, and ten men (partially disrobed) waded out to help us. My cook dropped off the cart and bravely carried my Bible-woman across on his back to lighten the load. Finally, after a great deal of screeching and prodding and tugging, the animals moved and drew the cart safely across. We had a splendid class of women studying for two weeks, after we got settled in the village where they expected us.

During a trip through Lin K'iu in 1909, my shenza upset six times, and during the last overthrow one of the shenza poles broke in two, and landed me and my poor Bible-woman on the side of the road, in the late afternoon, seventeen li from the village we were bound for; and there we sat and anointed our wounded feelings, till a wheel-barrow could be hired, which took us by the light of the stars to our stopping place for the night. Since that trip I have quit using shenzas almost entirely, and find I receive fewer bruises and bumps, to say

nothing of the aggravations, by using wheelbarrows; for they do not upset so often, and get there in the end, although they are slow and we are sometimes delayed by bad roads. On my return to the compound, the missionaries gave me a welcome as they always do, and Mrs. Grace Wells came to see me and said: "Now, Miss Hawes, I think your fiftieth birthday ought to be celebrated, so I want you and all the ladies to come to tea tomorrow." So we had a happy little jubilee together, November 2, 1909, and the ladies of Wei Hsien Mission all sang the following original poem, composed by Mrs. Wells, to the tune of "Clementine," waving their handkerchiefs with the last verse:

 "From a town in Pennsylvania,
 Pittsburg, if you care to know,
 Came a lady missionary,
 Ten or twelve long years ago.

 Came and lived in Wei Hsien compound
 Till the Boxers burned the place,
 But they could not scare her always;
 Back she came with shining face.

 Oft she goes itinerating,
 And she gets so many falls,
 But she picks herself together
 And into the shenza crawls.

Bright and cheerful, always laughing,
Did you ever see her like?
If you're ever blue or doleful,
Just you to her south house hike!

Now she says she's all of fifty,
But she looks a young thing yet,
And we think perhaps in dream-land,
That her age she did forget.

Here's to fifty, fifty summers,
Here's to many years to come,
Let us all rejoice together,
Blow the trumpet, sound the drum!"

This delightful occasion was enlivened at the close by the arrival of a home mail, and we all had the joy of receiving letters from our dear friends across the sea. And some nice Christmas gifts came to me just in time to be my birthday gifts.

CHAPTER XI

THE BOXER WAR

RUMOURS kept coming to us of a widespread anti-foreign feeling among the Chinese for some time previous to the outbreak at Wei Hsien. The young Emperor Kwang Su (like the progressive Chinese who had started the Reform Party) became an eager student of Western learning. The Bible had been presented to the Empress Dowager by the native Christian women of China, but she displayed no interest in its sacred pages. Not so Kwang Su, who read it, and every book he could get, issued by the Christian Literature Society, or from other sources, recommended by some of his influential advisers who were students of Occidental science and political economy. He bought many scientific works, besides maps, globes, and wind and current charts. He could scarcely wait for the new publications to arrive after sending off his order for them, and when he sent to the express office to get books which had not yet arrived from the publishers, the poor underlings were afraid to go back lest

they should lose their heads if they appeared without those books before the disappointed king. Kwang Su would also line up the eunuchs, who of course were all heathen men, and he would quiz them on the Bible, portions of which he had copied from the sacred book on great sheets of yellow paper. The eunuchs, not having any knowledge of sacred literature, would grab any native pastor or native Christian and bring them in and treat them to tea, and get them to explain the lesson which they were to be examined upon and felt it was to their interest to pass well.

One of the most powerful works then published was a book called "China's Only Hope," written by the Viceroy "Chang Chi Tung," and printed by the Tsung Li Yamen, copies of which were sent by royal command to the high officials of the empire, and it was advertised on big yellow posters everywhere. It was said that this book "made more history in a shorter time than any other modern piece of literature; that it astonished a kingdom, convulsed an empire, and brought on a war." This book and many others opened the eyes of the emperor to the causes of China's weakness, and suggested to him material for his reform edicts, which he issued in rapid succession. But China was not yet ready for such reforms, and the very day and hour when Dr. Timothy Richard, secretary of the

Christian Literature Society for China arrived in Peking, especially invited by the Chinese Government as adviser to the king in carrying out his reforms, the Empress Dowager arose, and wrested the reins of government from the emperor, and Kuang Su became a helpless prisoner in one of his own palaces, September 22nd, 1898.

Just at this time, too, the Yellow River overflowed its banks, flooding out three hundred villages, and rendering a million people homeless. Then followed famine and pestilence, and the poor, superstitious people believed the gods were angry because the traditions of their fathers were not regarded. Then sprang up the secret society known as the "Boxers," sworn to kill or drive out of China all foreigners, and uproot Christianity and everything foreign. "Away with these foreign devils who have absorbed our ports and our land, and have brought telegraphs, steamboats and railroads, and taken away the Chinaman's means of livelihood by introducing foreign machinery instead of wheelbarrows, carts, or boats, or hand-looms." These Boxers met daily in the temples and government buildings, and were drilled in the use of the sword and other exercises, supposed to make them invulnerable to foreign swords and guns. Boxers were easily recognized by a peculiar mark on the forehead, made by knocking the

head on the ground whenever they met for drill.

The Empress Dowager had no intention of putting down the Boxers, but furthered a union between them and her Imperial troops, and thus turned one of the most troublesome foes of the Manchu Dynasty against the foreigners. She sympathized with the slow, conservative Chinese who protested against any change in old customs and the Reform edicts of the young emperor. These edicts she proceeded to destroy, and under her powerful influence, the Boxer war swept through the country until the spring of 1900 found every province in a tumult, and the legations in Peking closely besieged and protecting the missionaries.

On June 20th the German Minister, Baron Von Kettler, while riding in a chair on the public street, was shot and killed by the Imperial troops. The same day all the missionaries fled for safety to the British Legation, and the native Christians to a large building close by, which had just been vacated by Prince Su. Here they were made comfortable and guarded by foreign soldiers.

Just before this, on the night of June 13th, the Boxers had held high carnival, looting, burning, and murdering, and the streets of Peking were strewn with the bodies of native converts. Imperial soldiers arresting all who tried to escape, and turning them over to the Boxers; and

official police served hot tea to refresh the Boxers in their fiendish work. No words can depict the reign of terror through which the Chinese Christian has passed during that Boxer war all over China, and nobly has he stood the test! The streets of Peking flowed with the blood of those faithful ones who refused to deny their Lord. The missionaries were spotted as "foreign devils," and were exposed to the awful tide of fury and hatred of the Boxer party, who with the official sanction of the Empress Dowager, had unlimited power to persecute.

When I visited Peking in May, 1912, I rode under the splendid archway of stone, built over the main street of the city by the Chinese Government to the memory of the murdered German Minister, Baron Von Kettler, and I saw in the British Legation Chapel a beautiful polished brass lectern, the sacred Bible upheld by the shining wings of an American eagle. At the foot of the pedestal are inscribed the words: "Presented to the British Legation by the American missionaries who were sheltered in this chapel during the siege, June 20—August 14, 1900." When I stood in that peaceful little sanctuary and looked around, I wondered how all those missionaries and their children could possibly have crowded into that little chapel and lived through those seven awful weeks listen-

ing to the shot and shells and howling mob just over the wall beside them. There they were shut up, feeding on porridge made of the grain which they ground themselves, brought to them by soldiers who managed to secure it for them from deserted granaries; and during this trying time the Empress Dowager sent them gifts of poisoned flour and other food, which they dared not eat lest it too was poisoned; and letters urging them to "Come out," as they were in "great danger," and she "could not protect them any longer unless they would go with the escort of soldiers (which she would provide for them) to the yamen." Fearing treachery and certain death by going out, they made no reply, and again letters came from the Empress, saying she was their "best friend," and urging them to "allow the soldiers to escort them to Tientsin, where they would be safe, etc." Then, with the other hand, she wrote edicts, doubling the price of foreign heads, and wrote letters saying: "I can't get them out!" Also, ridiculing the foreign women of the Legation, saying: "They think I am 'so nice.' When it is all over, I will invite them to a feast, and they will come, and a few rolls of silk presented to them will make it all right, and they will think I am so nice." And it was just as she said.

The Peking missionaries all bear testimony to the noble generosity and helpfulness of the Le-

gation ladies. Mrs. Conger was such an angel of mercy among the wounded soldiers; they called her "Fairy Godmother." When the material lacked for making sand-bags, she brought out her dainty hemstitched linen and the "roll of silk," presented to her by the Empress Dowager the previous year, and gave them for sand-bags, and Lady MacDonald gave her beautiful silk portières freely, to be cut up for sand-bags, and the Legation ladies made 1,500 sand-bags in three days. All hands were busy and many thousands of these bags, filled with earth—for they had no sand—were piled up as fast as made. The room used for the hospital was gloomy and dark because of the necessity of piling sand-bags up high around the windows, and oh, how brave the soldiers were! The missionaries say: "Ever will we remember the brave marines who protected us." And how they wept when the brave men were wounded and were so unwilling to lay aside gun and belt when they knew they were so needed. One brave soldier with a bullet in his right arm declared he couldn't stand it to be "caged up in the hospital; he would go back! He would go back!" The nurses—who were our missionaries—had hard work to get him to lie down, to see to his wound. Then those who were wounded to the death—some of them mere boys—who fought so nobly against that terrible Boxer army and fell from the wall

in the brave defence! And the beautiful spirit of love between the various nationalities! When an American soldier was carried in, a Russian prepared his grave, and when another American offered to take the service, the Russian said: "Let me do it. He was with me on the wall!" A young British soldier prepared the little grave for the little child of Dr. and Mrs. Inglis, who took fever and died during the siege, and asked the privilege of keeping it in order, saying he had a "little one across the sea himself."

The Empress Dowager sent out an edict by the fastest riders to T'ai Yuan Fu, for circulation broadcast: "I command that all foreigners, men, women and children, old and young, be summarily executed. Let not one escape, so that my Empire may be purged of this noisome source of corruption, and that peace may be restored to my loyal subjects." Jung Lu, one of the Queen's advisers, and high in favour, tried to stop this, asking: "What glory could China expect to gain by the slaughter of women and children? We should become the laughing-stock of the world, and the Old Buddha's widespread fame and reputation for benevolence would be grievously injured." "Yes," replied the Empress Dowager, "but these foreigners of yours wish to see me deposed, and I am only paying off old scores. Ever since the days of Tao Kuang, this uproarious guest within our

borders has been maltreating his hosts, and it is time that all shall know who is the real master of the house." The following proclamation was placarded all over Peking:

REWARDS

"Now that all foreign churches and chapels have been razed to the ground, and that no place of refuge or concealment is left for the foreigners, they must unavoidably scatter, flying in every direction. Be it therefore known and announced to all men, scholars and volunteers, that any person found guilty of harbouring foreigners will incur the penalty of decapitation. For every male foreigner taken alive, a reward of 50 taels will be given; for every female, 40 taels, and for every child, 30 taels. But it is to be clearly understood that they shall be taken alive, and that they shall be genuine foreigners. Once this fact has been duly authenticated, the reward will be paid without delay. A special proclamation, requiring reverent obedience."

"His Excellency, 'Ching Shan,' tutor to Prince Tuan, and therefore intimately associated with the Boxer leaders, writes in his diary, commenting on the above: 'Much larger rewards than these were paid in the tenth year of Hsian-Feng, 1860, for the heads of barbarians, but, of course, in those days they were comparatively rare, whereas now, alas! they have become as common as bees!'"

I never knew before what my head was worth till I read this proclamation.

Word was sent the missionaries from the Chinese Foreign Office on the very evening they arrived at the British Legation, expressing their "deep feeling for the foreigners," saying the "utmost protection would be afforded them." Acting upon this avowal, Professor James, an English missionary in China since 1883, went out on June 20th, just before dark, unarmed. He had been with the native Christians, trying to help them get settled comfortably, and it is thought he may have gone out to do more for them. A British soldier on guard saw all that followed; Prof. James walked as far as the bridge, and there a few Imperial soldiers rode up. One soldier raised his gun to fire, but Prof. James threw up his hands to show he was unarmed. The soldier lowered his gun, and dismounted, laid his hand on Prof. James' shoulder just as he had started to run, and led him away. Our foreign soldiers had strict orders not to fire the first shot, and so a brave man must lose his life. It was afterwards learned that these Imperial soldiers took him wounded to Prince Chuang's palace (the Boxer general's), prodding him all the way with their bayonets. Here the princes, Chuang and Tuan, ordered him to kneel, but he refused, saying: "I am an Englishman, and cannot kneel to any but my

God and King." Then he was forced to kneel upon a chain for several hours. Jung Lu tried to save his life, and even sent soldiers to rescue him, but Tuan and Chuang executed him at 6 A. M., June 23rd, before Jung Lu's men arrived. His head was exhibited in a cage hanging from the main beam of the "Tung An" gate. "The Old Buddha, says Ching Shan in his diary, "has been informed of his death, and she gave orders that Taels 500 be distributed to the soldiers who had captured him. That is a reward ten times greater than that which was promised in the proclamations."

The Chancellor of the Japanese Legation, Mr. Sugiyama, was killed by Kan Su troops on June 11th at the Tung Ying gate. Jung Lu urged the Empress to issue an edict, bestowing posthumous honours on the murdered foreigner. He advised her that it is contrary to international law to attack the accredited representatives of foreign powers. On July 3rd, the Empress Dowager, in the name of the Emperor, and through the Chinese Minister at Tokio, addressed the following message to the Emperor of Japan:

"To your Majesty, Greeting:"

"The Empires of China and Japan hang together even as the lips and the teeth, and the relations existing between them have always been sympathetic. Last month we were plunged in

deep grief when we learned of the murder of the Chancellor of your Legation in Peking. We were about to arrest and punish the culprits when the Powers, unnecessarily suspicious of our motives, seized the Taku forts, and we found ourselves involved in all the horrors of war. In face of the existing situation it appears to us that at the present time the continents of Europe and Asia are opposed to each other, marshalling their forces for a conflict of irreconcilable ambitions. Everything, therefore, depends upon our two Asiatic Empires standing firm together at this juncture. The earth-hungry Powers of the West whose tigerish eyes of greed are fixed in our direction will certainly not confine their attention to China. In the event of our Empire being broken up, Japan, in her turn, will assuredly be hard pressed to maintain her independence. The community of our interests renders it clearly imperative that at this crisis we should disregard all *trifling causes of discord*, and consider only the requirements of the situation, as comrade nations. We rely upon your Majesty to come forward as arbitrator, and anxiously await your gracious reply to this appeal."

This and another message to the Emperor of Russia, appealing to him to come forward as arbitrator, have been inscribed in the annals of the Dynasty, by order of her Majesty.

The Chinese officials' idea of heroism in a soldier is illustrated in the following memorial from the Censorate at Peking to the Throne at Sianfu (where the Empress and Emperor fled when the allied forces approached), describing the arrest of En Hai, the murderer of the German minister, Baron Von Kettler.

“A spy in Japanese employ, engaged in searching for looted articles in the pawnbroker shops of the districts in Japanese military occupation, found among the unredeemed pledges in one shop a watch bearing Baron von Kettler's monogram. The pawnbroker said it had been pledged by En Hai, who lived at a carter's inn of the Tartar City. The spy went at once, and informed the Japanese, who promptly sent out a picquet to the inn mentioned. Two or three men were standing about in the court yard, and the soldiers asked one of them whether En Hai was there. “I am the man,” said he, whereupon they took him prisoner. Under examination, En Hai was perfectly calm and showed no sign of emotion. The presiding magistrate inquired, ‘Was it you who slew the German Minister?’ He replied: ‘I received orders from my sergeant to kill every foreigner that came up the street. I am a soldier, and I only know it is my duty to obey orders. On that day I was with my men, some thirty of them, in the street, when a foreigner came along in a sedan

chair. At once I took up my stand a little to the side of the street, and taking careful aim, fired into the chair. Thereupon the bearers fled. We went up to the chair, dragged the foreigner out, and saw that he was dead. I felt a watch in his breast pocket, and took it as my lawful share; my comrades appropriated a revolver, some rings and other articles. I never thought that this watch would lead to my detection. But I am glad to die for having killed one of the enemies of my country. Please behead me at once.” “This En Hai appears to have been an honest fellow. His words were brave and dignified, so that the bystanders all realized that China is not without heroes in the ranks of her army. On the following day, he was handed over to the Germans and beheaded on the scene of his exploit.”

The memorial closes with: “We trust that your Majesties may be pleased to confer upon him honors as in the case of one who has fallen in battle with his face to the foe.”

Ching Shan writes in his diary: “Duke Lan says this evening that by the orders of that rascally Chinaman, Yuan Ch’ang, the corpse of the foreign devil, Baron von Kettler, has been confined. He, Duke Lan, wanted Prince Tuan to have the corpse decapitated and the head exhibited over the Tung An gate. Yuan Ch’ang defends his action, saying that he knew the

German Minister personally at the Tsung Li Yamen, and he cannot bear the idea of leaving his body uncoffined."

The following is from the book, "China Under the Empress Dowager."

"Concerning the Manchu soldier who shot the German Minister defenceless in his chair, he met his end with a fine courage. But with fuller knowledge and a clearer insight, the scholars of the Empire might well put forward claims to real heroism and moral courage of the rarest kind in the case of Yuan Ch'ang and Hsu Ching-Cheng, who nobly laid down their lives for what they knew to be their country's highest good. So long as China can breed men like these, so long as the Confucian system contains moral force sufficient to produce stoic scholars of this type, the nation has no cause to despair of its future."

Yuan Ch'ang and Hsu Ch'ing were brave and good, and like Jung Lu and Li Shan, implored the Empress Dowager not to declare war against the world, saying that China could not possibly escape defeat and disaster. Yuan Ch'ang even dared to say he had "found foreigners to be generally reasonable and just in their dealings," and he "doubted the authenticity of the despatch—a forged message—demanding the Empress' abdication, and restoration of the Emperor to power, which

Prince Tuan professed to have received from the Diplomatic Body." Whereupon Prince Tuan arose and angrily asked the Empress whether she "proposed to listen to the words of a Chinese traitor?" Her Majesty rebuked him for his loud and violent manner of speaking, but ordered Yuan Ch'ang to leave the Audience Hall. Yuan and Hsu presented three successive Memorials to the Throne, denouncing the Boxers, and urging the Empress to protect the foreign legations. These two brave men changed the wording of the Empress' decree, causing it to read: "Protect all foreigners," instead of "Slay all foreigners," as she had ordered it, and thereby saved the lives of all the Fu Kien missionaries and hundreds of other missionaries and other foreigners. They also influenced other viceroys to do the same thing. Chang Chi Tung and Liu K'un Yi were the most powerful of the Southern viceroys, and virtually controlled the whole Yang-tz River from Sz-Chuen down to Shanghai, including the Provinces of Hupeh, Anhui, Hunan and Honan. They personally interviewed the consuls of the foreign nations at Shanghai, and made an agreement with them that: "If they—the consuls—would keep their gunboats out of the Yang-z River, they—Liu K'un Yi and Chang Chi Tung—would keep that whole region along the Yang-tz quiet." This was done.

On July 27th, when she discovered that Yuan

and Hsu had changed the word in her decree from "Slay" to "Protect all foreigners," thereby saving so many lives, it is said that she ordered them both to be sawn asunder. Before suffering this awful death, Yuan and Hsu showed great calmness, and Yuan said he "Hoped that the sun might soon return to its place in the Heaven, and that the usurping Comet might be destroyed." When Duke Lan, who superintended this tragedy, bade him be silent, he said: "I die innocent. In years to come, my name will be remembered with gratitude and respect, long after you evil-plotting princes have met your well-deserved doom. Turning to Hsu, he said: "We shall meet anon at the Yellow Springs—(spirit world). To die is only to come home!"

CHAPTER XII

BOXER RIOTS AT WEI HSIEN

MUCH has been written about the siege of Peking, and the terrible sufferings of our martyred missionaries at Paoting-fu, and in other parts of China.

The following gives the history of our siege at Wei Hsien, and the burning of our beautiful mission. Just after Christmas Rev. Sidney Brooks, a young English missionary, was returning to his station at P'ing Yin from T'ai An Fu (where he had been spending the holidays with his sister, Mrs. Brown), when he was seized by a band of ruffians, and, after much torture all day, was murdered, on December 30, 1899.

This was the beginning of the Boxer troubles in Shantung. The missionaries at Wei Hsien, however, felt we had never had any riots, and hoped all would be well, as we had such a liberal-minded, good, progressive governor of Shantung in Yuan Shih K'ai, who was exerting every influence to quiet the people and train his troops for efficient service. But the "Big Knife Society" had secret meetings, and drilled nightly,

and it was discovered later that they had regular organized plans for carrying on their desperate schemes of destruction. At Hwang-hsien, it was learned(after it was too late to help us), that the postmaster had opened a letter which he suspected was from "one Boxer to another." It read as follows: "Wei Hsien is to be burned on the 29th of the moon. Hope to send you more good news later." (The Chinese date, 29th, was the very date of our riots, that is, June 25th, 1900.)

Just before these troubles began, although the Chinese felt gloomy about the future, everything seemed so peaceful and lovely in our little compound, and the raspberries were beautifully ripe and plenty in the gardens. I put up thirty jars of the fruit for winter, and prepared for a trip to "Tien Yu K'ou," where I had arranged to teach a Bible class for women. Mrs. Couling and her little son Arthur came in a shenza from Tsingchowfu on their way to the coast, and took lunch with me. She brought the news that Tungchow in Chihli Province had been burned. I told her I hoped our folks at home would not worry when they read of it in the papers, and she said: "Oh, no! They will think it is Chili in South America!"

The next day I was off to the country, taking with me a native pastor's wife, Mrs. Lwan. We arrived safely at T'ien Yu K'ou, a quiet little

mountain village, 150 li from Wei Hsien. I had a splendid class of fifty-four women there for five days, when a shenza arrived for me to go back to Wei Hsien! It was Sabbath morning, and my teacher, Wang, called all the Christians into the chapel, and, as we told them we must leave, many wept, and after a short service the question was asked: "How many of you are willing if the test comes, to die for Christ?" One woman in front said: "To die or live is not important. I am willing to die for Christ." As she rose, every one of those dear good women rose with her. As I looked upon that little company of Jesus' followers, giving this beautiful testimony of their love to Christ, I felt sure He looked in love upon them, too, and the angels rejoiced. Those who do not believe in foreign missions, and would not give the Bread of Life to such simple, earnest, brave souls as these, are not worthy to kiss the hem of their garments. Oh, the blood shed by our noble, true Christians in China! Oh, the sufferings they have borne for Christ! All honor to the memory of our martyred foreign missionaries! And all honor to our martyred Chinese Christians, "who came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb!"

BURNING OF WEI HSIEN MISSION!

ESCAPE FROM THE BOXERS!

(Miss Hawes' letter to her sister in Pittsburg.)

Written from the German Mines at Fangz,
China.

“June 26, 1900.

“My dear Sister,

“You will be glad, I know, when I tell you I am alive! Our mission at Wei Hsien was mobbed yesterday and buildings all burned, and we three escaped by climbing over the wall; Mr. Frank Chalfant, Miss Boughton and I, with a few Chinese Christians, women and men, who were helpers in the mission. It was God's great mercy and power manifested in a wonderful manner that delivered us, as no help from any man came to us, while our mission was literally surrounded by a howling mob of about five hundred people, besides at least as many more who were onlookers. We escaped with only our clothing which we had on us, and Mr. Chalfant had in his pocket a small silver shoe, and some silver pieces of money which he managed to get out of the safe. I had paper notes in my pocket equal to seventy-three strings of cash, or twenty-three dollars in United States money. We were stripped of everything, as we could not carry anything, and had all we could do to escape. I will tell you from the first the facts.

“ June 27th.

“ I started this yesterday, and then began to tear it up, thinking perhaps we were still in danger, and could not send it. Oh, the horror of a Chinese mob! Dear Ellie, may you never see one!

“ You know I was in a village, fifty miles (150 li), from our mission station, teaching a class of women. I had a splendid class of learners. Fifty-three came, and the day I left one more, a dear old lady, who walked forty li to get there, and exclaimed: ‘ I have come on purpose to study the gospel. Now I must go back!’ The sorrow of the Chinese Christians was very touching to me when the messenger came to me with a note from Mr. Fitch. My cook handed it to me with tears in his eyes. It said: ‘ The trouble is so acute we are ordered to go at once to the coast. I will take the women and children to-morrow, going to Yang-Kia-Ko, where a ship is waiting. Mr. Chalfant will wait for you and Miss Boughton.’

“ Well, I got ready, and we had final services with the women, and I told them it was not my will to leave them, but God’s will. I must go, and they must be faithful to Jesus, and be willing to die for Him if necessary, and not deny Him, for He would ‘ confess them before His Father in heaven,’ if they would ‘ confess His name before men.’ One woman said: ‘ We are not afraid to die for Christ.’ And they all rose at once when my teacher asked them if they would be true to Christ, and to stand up and show their willingness to die for Him if necessary. They cried so when I left them. We left Sabbath morning, and traveled steadily till sun-

set, when it was necessary to stop to feed and rest the animals. I was put into a very tiny room, where I could not get a free breath, but was so sick at my stomach from the bad mules' uneven paces that I had to lie down a while. When I felt better I went outside and walked in the street, where the people quickly gathered to see the 'foreign devil.' One man said: 'Kill her,' but was quiet. One dear young Christian girl was there, the only believer in the whole village, who had been in two of my former classes, and she stayed with me, which was such a comfort. The fresh air felt good and my cook prepared me some food, which I ate and then packed up to start. Just then a message came from Mr. Chalfant: 'Travel by night and come quickly.' We went right along till we reached Wei Hsien at two o'clock in the morning. Miss Boughton (who had just come in from the country before me) came out to meet me, and seemed so glad to see me. We went to her room and lay down awhile, and then got up and began packing. She had already packed my books and dishes for me, and the canned goods. We worked hard all day Monday packing, and had the boxes all carried over to Mr. Chalfant's yard, and it made a great booty for the mobbers when they came.

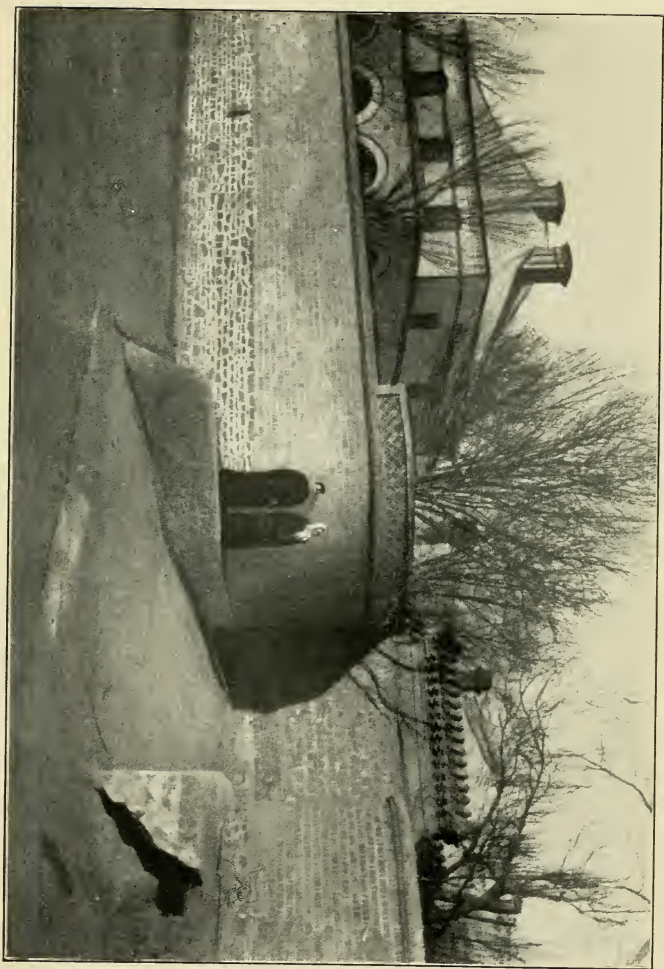
"I think now it was God's plan to have us do that, for they were on one side of the house, so greedy to seize the prey, and it gave us time to escape from the other side of the house. But we didn't have the mob when we put those boxes there. We put them all in one yard to be ready for packing quickly on the carts. We intended shipping our clothing and books, and

best things, to Tsing Tau, and burying our dishes and canned goods.

“Everything was quiet, and our home mail came, and we three sat down and rejoiced over the news from you that \$1,500 had been raised for the ‘Shady-Side Home,’ and over Doctor Chalfant’s letter, saying half the money had been raised for the chapel here. I said: ‘It seems ridiculous for us to tear up and leave this way.’ We felt very comfortable, but suddenly the trouble came. Miss Boughton and I walked together to Dr. Faries’ house, and thought of having their man carry their best things in boxes (these the Faries had already packed before they left), up to the Chalfants’ yard, to be ready for the carts with our boxes. As we walked down the street, we were annoyed to find such a collection of insolent, noisy children (very few men among them). We said: ‘How strange the gate-keeper should let this crowd in here!’ But such a horrible feeling came over us when we got through with the Faries’ boxes and came back. For the street had *men* in it then, and our helpers were trying to drive them out, saying the men had been stealing pickles from the schools. Providentially, both girls and boys had gone to their homes in the country, as schools were disbanded for the summer. When we got into our house it was not three minutes until some Bible-women came to us so frightened, saying there was a ‘mob breaking down the wall!’ Then came Mr. Chalfant, who had seen them do it, and he carried a big club in his hand, looking very grave, and said: ‘We must leave at midnight, if possible. It is our only hope. Perhaps

we will be mobbed before that time.' Then he told us to go over and stay in his house. So we did, and the Christian women about the place went with us, five in all. Mr. Chalfant got his pistol and went out and faced the mob outside the big gate at the north end of the compound. For two hours and a half that brave, good man held five hundred fiends at bay. He had already sent for the Chinese soldiers and hoped they would come to his relief. Only one came, flourished his gun a little, and then rode away, saying nothing. I will say here, the officials and soldiers and mobbers joined in carrying off our mission safe and other things, which proves the Chinese soldiers are not our friends. The safe has no money in it, but valuable accounts of our treasury and mission affairs.

"Mr. Chalfant withstood them bravely, shooting in the air, and telling them to keep back. They had no guns or weapons but bricks, which they hurled at him, hitting him all over. But he dodged his head so he was not killed. It is all so awful, but God spared his life. He was jeered at by the men, who said: 'Go inside your own little inch and stay with your mother and father.' One said, finally: 'The Big Knife Society doesn't fear guns! They are invulnerable.' And Mr. Chalfant, amidst a shower of flying bricks, got through the opening in the big gate, which was quickly closed and barred. They were so devilish in their excitement that they ran around to a barred up gate at the south end of the Mission and burst that gate in. And Mr. Chalfant, seeing them go off to that end, came back to us, and we were glad to see him, for we believed he would be killed. Miss



GATE WHERE THE MOB ENTERED WEI HSIEN MISSION, JUNE 25TH, 1900

Boughton and I prayed together with the Christians for God to spare his life, and it was answered.

“Mr. Chalfant came in looking so pale and wan and faint. I said, ‘Thank God, you were not killed!’ He said: ‘I am very thirsty.’ Some fresh water had just been drawn and we gave him a glass, and we fed him to give him new strength. My cook had just brought over peas and corn and bread, which Miss Boughton and I ate with Mr. Chalfant to give us strength. You may be sure we were not hungry under such circumstances. Just then the mob burst in the Chalfant gate, and we three went upstairs together and prayed for God to ‘spare our lives for the sake of those we love, and to “let the cup pass” from us if it be His holy will; but, if not, then let us die quickly and give us His grace.’

“Then we saw flames outside the window, and it was from the chapel, the next house but one to Chalfant’s! We heard the mob smashing in the windows of the Chalfant house where we were. We knew then our only hope was to get out, and so we passed through the sitting-room window to the porch (the mob in the dining-room separated from us only by closed folding doors). Mr. Chalfant’s faithful servant man took a ladder lying on the porch, and set it against the wall, and we climbed over, Mr. Chalfant going first and holding up his arms to help each of us over. The Chinese women were like beasts crazed by fire. But we pushed them and made them go, or we never would have gotten over. Bricks were hurled at us, and a few of the mob in the next yard cried: ‘The

foreign devils are getting away! Kill them!' But, oh, the blessed power of God! Not one man followed us!

"We joined hands and walked—not ran—right across the cornfields, praising God for His deliverance. Four trusty, faithful men stuck to us, helping us along, taking our arms. The Chinese women and men (except the teacher, Mr. Chū) were all saved, got to their homes, but did not go with us. We passed several crowds of men on the way, but nearly all were friendly, and one man said: 'It was good when they lived among us.' But another crowd laughed at us and said: 'Why don't you go home? Go on home!' We were not hurt, however, though we had to run once from a village, as we saw men coming from it to attack us. We dodged around by another way quickly, and stopped talking, and quietly took to the cornfields, avoiding the villages, and lying once in among the corn till all seemed quiet and it was dark.

"Then we travelled right along for nine miles from Wei Hsien, and we reached this place (Fangz) at half-past eleven. Oh, how thankful we were. One of our men gave out and had to be supported by two others. The earth had filled in my low shoes, so I was a dirty sight when I got here I can tell you. No hat, only my white shirtwaist and blue calico skirt. No wraps. Miss Boughton had on an old wash-dress which she intended leaving, and we both had our clean clothes and travelling things all laid out to put on when through packing. But, you see, we had no time for change, the mob came so suddenly. Well, these Germans re-

ceived us so cordially and gave us a hearty welcome. God raised up these good friends for us. They gave us a good supper at twenty minutes past twelve (midnight). One said: 'See, it is twelve o'clock, dinner-time. Let us eat!' We were fearfully tired, but we were so thankful. The place here is strongly guarded. Mr. Chalfant told them they might expect an attack, as he heard the mobbers say they would come here the next night. So the Germans here at once united forces, sending to a mine not far from here for the men and guns, ammunition, etc., to come here, and now we have a strong force.

"Telegrams were sent to Dr. Corbett for the Board in New York as soon as the wires were repaired which the Chinese had cut down, and to Tsing-tau for soldiers, and to tell Mrs. Chalfant, who is there, and other missionaries, so they would not try to reach Tsing-tau by way of our mission at Wei Hsien. The fifteen Germans here are splendid, brave men, and, you know, have military training, as all do in Germany, and they have 'big guns,' as the Chinese say, and so last night they sent word to all surrounding villages, that if any man came within one hundred yards of this place he would get shot. Early in the evening, while we were at supper, the mob began collecting, a distance off, and, I am ashamed to say, I grew almost sick with fright to see another mob. What scared me most was the sight of a large body of Chinese soldiers, sent by the Chinese General, who had come out and apologized for the burning of our beautiful Wei Hsien mission, saying it was not his fault, etc. But the Chinese all tell us the

soldiers and their generals are hypocrites and would kill us if they could, but are afraid of the Germans' 'big guns.' I believe the silly Chinese soldiers were shaking in their knees all night as they pretended to guard along with the Germans outside the walls, which, by the way, are low ones and covered with a thick fringe of broken beer bottles stuck in the top. The boy waiting on us at supper looked out of the window and said, in a scared sort of way: 'So viel man!' The Germans were not afraid, but said, quietly: 'We have no fear, and we have no hope. China is not America, nor yet Germany.' They watched all night, and were prepared with guns and dynamite for any attack. I supposed there would be a lot of firing all night, but was so tired I fell asleep. This morning I asked one of the Germans if they had killed anybody, and he said, 'Yes, one—a mosquito.' Then they said that none came to attack. The crowd that we saw had all scattered. When Miss Boughton and I went out to breakfast, Mr. Chalfant said: 'Good news! Twenty cavalymen are coming from Tsing-tau to escort us!' (Note: Rescue party beaten back to Kiaochou.) 'So we are going to be taken to Tsing-tau, and I cannot tell you now what we will do after that. I only know we are all saved and are well and happy, and are very, very thankful to our good God, who was a 'very present help in time of trouble,' and we will do as we are ordered to do. We want to do His will, not ours, and we hope this fierce persecution will purify the church of Christ and be the beginning of a greater and better work than we ever dreamed of in China. We pray that our beauti-

ful Wei Hsien Mission will be rebuilt, and that we will be more faithful in His service.

“I cannot help mourning the loss of all my beautiful books and pictures, the photographs of you all, and especially our mother’s picture, and my sweet little piano, which was such a comfort to me, and all the gifts of love from my good friends,—my beautiful silk quilt from Shady-Side Church. And so many things the dear, good missionaries here have lost, too! But it is all God’s will, and we say: ‘His will be done. He has delivered us, and He will care for us.’

“ Lovingly,
“ Lottie.”

(Charlotte E. Hawes.)

Letter by Rev. Frank H. Chalfant, D.D.
Written to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign
Missions

“ July 3, 1900.

“The Wei Hsien compound was burned and looted at eight P. M. on Monday, June 25th. I, and those with me, did all in our power to save the premises, but God did not will that our efforts should be successful. Here is the story. Call it drama or tragedy, as you will.

“At ten o’clock on Friday, June 22nd, a special messenger came from Rev. George Cornwall, of Cheffo, who was in charge of a ship sent by our efficient consul, Hon. John Fowler, to the junk port of Yang-Kia-Ko, fifty miles northwest of Wei Hsien. This message urged the immediate coming of our people to the steamer. We decided the first party should go there, and they started Saturday, at 9 A. M.

Meanwhile, we had despatched special couriers to recall the Misses Boughton and Hawes, who were many miles away in the interior, and I remained alone to escort these ladies, and to attend to the thousand and one things likely to arise. On Saturday Miss Boughton arrived, and on Sunday we had the usual Chinese services, fated to be our last at Wei Hsien for many a day.

“At daylight Monday, Miss Hawes came, having travelled all night. We three then worked hard to pack the most valuable small belongings and to provide for the various departments of our large Mission plant. The schools had already been dismissed. A thing most providential.

“At 4 P. M. one of our native pastors, Li Ping I, came with a cart to take away some goods of his own and others. While loading the cart an unruly crowd pushed in at our gate. The gateman sent for me, saying he could not restrain them. I took a cane, went out, drove them away, and held the gateway till Mr. Li's cart went out. At once they attacked the cart, and in a moment stole everything in it. I could do nothing outside, and so shut the large gate against the mob's return. Meanwhile, seeing the sudden turn in affairs, I had despatched a letter to the yamen, asking for a few soldiers to protect the place. Returning to our houses, I advised the ladies to go to my house as the most secure, and wait for me. I ran back to find the dispensary windows smashed, and a howling mob on the higher ground to the northwest, storming the place with bricks and tiles. I ran back, took from the safe tael ten of sycee and

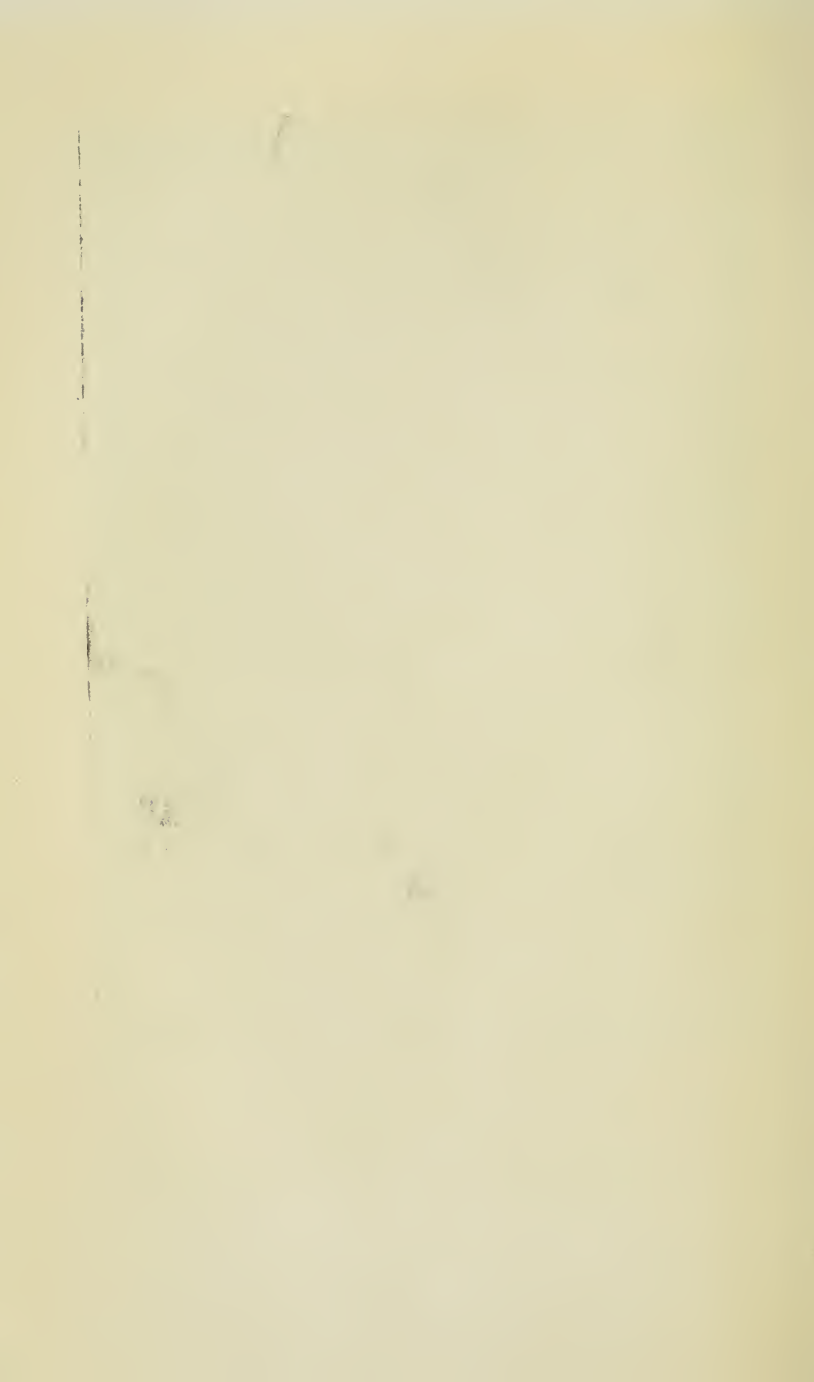
\$7 in Mexicans, as provision against flight, locked up the safe, and returned to try to keep back the mob till help should come from the yamen. The lives of many depended upon keeping back the mob. I ran forward amid a shower of bricks and tiles and, at twenty paces, warned them back. They jeered at me. A brick hit my foot, slightly injuring, but not disabling the defending garrison. The mob fell back, and just then a cavalryman appeared, brandishing his gun. He rode around the compound and disappeared. I afterward learned that he had not been sent out to help, but was casually returning from other business. It was now 7 P. M., and being at time of longest day, the sun was still high. My hope and prayer then was to keep back the mob until sunset, so that we could escape under cover of darkness. I took up my position at the corner of the compound outside. They stood still and soon said: 'Let's scatter.' They were undecided what to do, and at this point the presence of one soldier from the yamen would have averted the calamity. No human help came. I stood my ground quietly and waited. They said: 'Move forward.' A few started toward me, but they slunk back. At 7.45 they made an onset. Some had crept along the bank of the stream near our place and emerged behind me. I saw my disadvantage, and warned them to halt. They came on yelling and throwing stones. I ran for the gate amid fusillade of missiles. There was no question but that they intended to kill me. I got in safely and slammed and barred the gate. Ran up the street to find the mob had broken in our unused gate at the south, and were swarming

up the street. We barricaded the doors and windows with furniture, and closed my large sliding doors between dining-room and sitting-room, and went upstairs. Servants and several Chinese women were with us. It was now 8 o'clock, the exact hour we had previously set for a community prayer-meeting for the safety of our Christians. We had a few short earnest prayers. Then the cry was raised by the Chinese women—'The chapel is on fire!' I knew the time had come to run.

"Going downstairs, we found my front yard free from the mob, but could hear the crash of windows in the rear of the house. Here a most remarkable thing came to light which saved our lives. I had had a short ladder carried to my front porch to inspect the roof of the house, which had been leaking. Hastily placing this ladder on the wall we climbed over and all got out. Everywhere else the rioters were doing their nefarious work except in my front yard. The chapel, Miss Boughton's house, and other buildings were burning fiercely, and the mob was busy piling fuel on the front porch of the Ladies' Home just next to my house. Only two men saw us, and crying, 'The foreign devils are escaping, kill,' threw a brick which passed over our heads. No rioters were outside the wall at that point, though many were not far distant, who might have followed us. We quietly walked through fields to Li-Kia-Twang, a friendly village, and thence turned south. It was growing dark. Three Chinese servants were with us besides two non-Christian men, who often act as barrow-men for us, and, at this crisis, proved loyal to us. The Christian



REVEREND F. H. CHALFANT, D.D., HERO OF JUNE 25TH, 1900
WEI HSIEN, CHINA



women took refuge in Li-kia-twang. Miss Boughton, Miss Hawes, myself, and the few men walked on. Miss Boughton had a hammer, which was our only weapon left. I ought to say that during the two hours, while withstanding the mob, I had not the least fear. This was doubtless due to the incessant prayer for me by our young ladies and Christians. Their part was most noble, for it was easier to be out facing the mob than inside under suspense. They did not know but that I had been killed. Leaving the road, we took to the fields, and directed our way to the German mines, nine English miles away. Oh, the relief we enjoyed! The God-sent darkness, the companionship of faithful Chinese friends. With the burning buildings behind us, and the stars above, we easily kept our direction. We avoided all villages, and dropped on the ground at sound of footsteps, not from fear but from strategy. We did not want the people to know where we had gone. At midnight we arrived at the mines, and were cordially welcomed by Mr. Braune-miller and his stalwart colleagues. They happened to be up and at once prepared us a meal. We saved from our ruined homes a cheap suit of clothing on our backs, the little silver I procured for emergencies, the value of \$23 (in gold), in bank-notes, which Miss Hawes happened to have in her pocket, and one hammer! These are now the worldly possessions of us three, but we do not care a cent!

“All the houses, dispensary, chapel, Chinese rooms, both schools, are burned. The hospital wards and gate-house still stand. Outside wall is intact save top coping. These are not cut

down. Movable have been carried off or burned. (It was market-day, and our chairs and other goods were placed on the street for sale.) The worst is, two of our Christians are said to have been killed. One an old man, Mr. Liu, who is in the habit of making our compound a place of sojourn—a good old man. The other is one of my best school teachers, Mr. Chu Tung Kwang, who was passing through en route to his school. (Later, Mr. Liu was badly wounded while nobly standing by Dr. Chalfant as he was facing the mob, and, after exhorting them in vain, he knelt in prayer, pleading for God to ‘use His power, as he had failed!’ This good old man recovered from his wounds.)

“I must not neglect to express the hearty welcome and assistance given us by this community of German engineers. When in February last we sheltered five German railway engineers, who were driven away from their station by a mob, and fled empty-handed to our mission, we little supposed that the tables would be turned so early. These men all know of that little episode, which makes our missionaries all the more welcome.

“On July 3rd, under Chinese escort, our party arrived at Tsingtau.

“F. H. Chalfant.”

The Board writes thus:

“No words of comment need be added to this simple recital of heroic endeavour. Each mail brings added evidence of the grit and grace of

the missionary and the loyalty and love of the native Christians in China.

In the good providence of God, it may be that only a few of our missionaries will win the martyr's crown, but already thousands of the native Christians have evinced the depth of their convictions and the strength of their faith by the willing sacrifice of their lives for the cause of their Lord and Saviour. Thus far all letters from China refer to heroic fidelity of the Chinese Christians under a persecution as severe as that of the early disciples in the gardens and arenas of Nero."

Dr. Hunter Corbett (Chefoo) writes: "I found suffering every place. Many trying to live on corncobs, the dried vine of the sweet potato, bark, and leaves of trees, roots, etc. I found the Christians hopeful. They feel that God has not forsaken them, but has heard and answered prayer. Wonderful grace has been given to our persecuted people. They have stood firm and are not giving up the Christian life."

My good, faithful cook who prepared for us the last food we ate at Wei Hsien (which renewed our strength for that long tramp of nine miles to Fangz), faithful and true to us when he might easily have escaped, was beaten almost to death by the mob. They tore his clothes all off him, and beat him with a club having nails in it. For hours he lay on the roadside unconscious,

but kind hands helped him home. Today he bears still in his body the "marks of the Lord Jesus."

Dr. Charles Lewis wrote that his cook, after much suffering, won a martyr's crown. Refusing to deny his Lord, he was beheaded, and his head suspended from a tree. This good man had brought to Christ eleven families, consisting of fifty-three persons in his village; these were burnt out of house and home, but the "fire did not burn out their faith in Christ."

BRIGHT SPOTS

One beautiful spark of good shone out that dark day from those wicked hearts. Our good old Siu ta Sao, who had helped many poor sick heathen, as well as Christian women, in the hospital; who had patiently washed their boils and sores and taught them about Jesus, while passing out of the gate, was attacked. But suddenly a voice rang out from that mob: "Let her alone! That is Siu ta Sao!" Her little bundle of clothing was restored to her, and she was allowed to pass out unharmed.

God's protecting hand was very clear that day. He did not send the soldiers as we prayed Him to do, because He knew best. They would doubtless have murdered us, had they come. They joined the mob when they did come, and looted

the first house they entered, which was Dr. Faries' house.

Not five minutes after we escaped from the Chalfant house, it was in flames. Many supposed we were burned to death, and mourned for us, especially the Christians, who had not heard of our escape. It was not the intention of the mob to let us escape.

The ladder was at hand just when we needed it to get over that high wall.

The glorious array of boxes collected in the backyard, which we had been packing to ship off, bewitched the mob, so that they fell on the booty, fighting over it, and yelling, and were so busy carrying it off they forgot us, so we escaped through the yard on the other side of the house—the only spot in the whole compound free of the mob!

God led us safely out unharmed.

Just over the wall stood a native pastor, whose sister was among the women we helped over the wall. He thanked us and escorted the women all safe home.

Our four trusty native friends risked their lives by going with foreigners then, but nevertheless they voluntarily went with us, leading us through the darkness to the German mines, and were a great comfort.

“Pray that your flight be not in the winter.” Our Lord's words came to us then, and we

thanked Him that it was pleasant weather, so we did not suffer from cold.

Our flight occurred between harvests, when no one was watching in the fields. We read in Isaiah 1:8, "a lodge in a garden of cucumbers." The Chinese, like other Orientals, also make "lodges" of mats and poles, and with dogs and guns keep watch over the crops when harvest is nigh. But our flight occurred when the wheat harvest was just over, and it was not yet time for the millet crop. So the fields were clear before us.

The man, named Han, who took the lead, had often wheeled my barrow for me, and yet had never professed Christianity. I said to him: "Han a Koa, you see what our good God has done for us! The Chinese soldiers cannot say they saved us. They wouldn't help us. Only God saved our lives. Isn't that true? He said: "Yes, that is true." "Well, then, you ought to believe in God, Brother Han." And he replied: "I do believe in Him."



RUINS OF REVEREND F. H. CHALFANT'S HOUSE
AT WEI HSIEN AFTER BOXER RIOTS



A FAT SHEEP PRESENTED TO THE MISSIONARIES
BY YUAN SHIH K'AI AS A GOOD-WILL OFFERING

CHAPTER XIII

HAZARDOUS JOURNEY TO THE COAST

NEXT morning after our arrival at Fangz, our feet were so swelled up from our long tramp we could hardly get on our shoes, but our hearts were light, and the Germans were very kind and gave us the freedom of their house and camp, saying: "All is yours," and set their "Regina" music-box going to cheer us up. They had come direct from Germany to China, so were not familiar with English. One of them looked puzzled and said: "English is a very uneasy language to learn." Soon after breakfast they sprang on their horses and galloped off to their tall stack by the mines, as they saw smoke and flames rising. The Chinese had laid a wide circle of firewood and set fire to it, but the Germans got there in time to put out the fire before any great damage was done. The Chinese had cut the telegraph wires, but as soon as they were repaired, and our messages had been sent off, the Germans also received messages, and one morning they received one which made them very joyous, from their

authorities at Tsingtau, telling them to "leave the place under Chinese guard and come to the coast." This freed them from responsibility, and at once they began tearing up and packing, saying: "If the Chinese burn the place, they will have to pay for it." The chief engineer said at dinner: "Outside all is peace. Inside all is mob! My potatoes are a mob!" Sure enough, there was no mob outside, and the cook was so upset by the confusion of packing, the potatoes were not served quite so well as usual.

Many of our Christian friends had been to see us, and the Chinese official had come out in dignity and state with his red-capped retainers, and held a long interview with Mr. Chalfant, trying to put the blame upon him at first; but seeing he could not, apologized for the disaster. He tried to bribe with a hundred taels of silver, which he had hidden in the tea, a large box of which he presented on arrival. Mr. Chalfant found the silver, and returned it to the official, saying: "We will not accept the tea either, if it has anything to do with the public affair." The official, being scared about the "public affair," lest he be called to account for it, seemed anxious to make things right, and assured Mr. Chalfant that the tea was "simply a personal gift to yourself, Mr. Chalfant."

Governor Yuan Shih K'ai had taken extreme measures in Tsinanfu, and had his soldiers shoot

down a deputation of Boxer leaders, who had tried to persuade him to place himself at the head of the anti-foreign movement and "free China of all foreigners."

Yu Hsien, former governor of Shantung, had just been made governor of Shansi Province. We owe it to this change of governors that our Shantung missionaries were not all killed. Yu Hsien was extremely anti-foreign, and strictly obeyed the Empress' orders to "slay all foreigners." He began by killing three missionaries with his own hands. Then a terrible slaughter of missionaries ensued. Also, their little children, and Chinese Christians were slain all over Shansi. Su Fang, one of our dear medical helpers at Wei Hsien, pupil of Dr. Mary Brown, who had married a Christian teacher and moved to Shansi, was killed with her husband and children.

In one day Yu Hsien caused fifty foreign missionaries to kneel in line with their little children, and the executioner slew them with the sword as he passed along the line. The children did not cry, but covered their faces with their little hands while they suffered martyrdom. Then Yu Hsien lined up fifty-six native Christians, and thus he spoke: "Now, according to the Empress' orders, I have slain these hated 'foreign devils.' But you are different, being of the Middle Kingdom. If you will now give

up and utterly renounce forever this accursed doctrine, all will be forgiven you. Your lives will be spared, and you shall be our people. What do you say?"

Then from that little company of brave, loyal disciples of our Lord, a voice at once rang out so true: "Ch'ing Ta Yin, K'ai tao pa! Puh yung zai wen tao, chu shiliao!" That is, "Great man, use your sword, if you please. You need not ask us that question again." And there the angels of God crowned them.

When the Boxer war was over, and the Boxer leaders brought to justice, Yu Hsien, governor of Shansi, met his end, which was not easy. There are two accounts. One is to the effect that the Empress sent him a red cord and gave him the privilege of hanging himself. Another account says he was beheaded, and the executioner made a slip with the first blow of the sword, when the victim was heard to say: "Ka tsoa liao!" ("You have cut wrong.")

The Empress Dowager in her flight from Peking to Sianfu stopped as she passed through Shansi to see Yu Hsien, and took deep interest as he showed her where so many foreigners and Chinese Christians had been killed, and expressed her high approval.

In the chapel of the China Inland Mission at Shanghai, you may see a wall-tablet of bronze: "IN MEMORY OF MARTYRED MISSIONARIES."

I read down three long columns of names under "Shansi," and counted sixty-three, including children (some named Baby), as well as the missionaries in this pathetic roll. Below are the words: "And the Lord God shall wipe tears from off all faces."

It is a strange event during the recent China Revolution, and worthy of the notice of the Christian and civilized world, that the daughter of Yu Hsien (governor of Shansi and murderer of missionaries) was one of the few who escaped from the slaughter of the Manchus in Sianfu, and she sought protection and found it among the missionaries!

When we climbed over the wall at Wei Hsien, the flames from the burning homes on every side, there were only three of us—Mr. Chalfant, Miss Boughton and I, but as we journeyed to the coast from the German mines, oh, what a procession we made, winding over the hills and trailing across the landscape! We had first twenty-five men on horses, the Germans and Chinese officials; then a shenza carrying a sick German; then Mr. Chalfant, riding on the sick German's horse; then ten carts loaded with the Germans' goods (wet and dry); and, lastly, our escort of one hundred Chinese foot soldiers, which the city official had insisted upon our having with us. We did not want them, but there seemed no help for it. Every village we passed through

we saw the people out in crowds, and these treacherous soldiers would say to the villagers: "Go ahead and attack the foreign devils if you like. We are under orders not to, so we don't dare, but we won't interfere if you do!" And when we reached a river, we had to wait several hours till the two small flat-boats had carried all those wretched soldiers over. Had it not been for the Germans with their splendid big Mauser pistols, which inspired the Chinese with a wholesome fear as they heard the loud shots in the air, humanly speaking, we never would have reached the coast alive.

At one place where we spent the night in a miserable inn, the people were very unfriendly, and stood in crowds all over the graves around the village gate as we entered, and in thick rows each side of the street as we passed through, their faces looking very hostile and determined. An old Christian man came to meet us here, and in low tones said to the muleteer: "Keep to the north road. You can't get through the south road. It is very dangerous." He had been with the rescue party, composed of Dr. Bergen and some German soldiers, who had started to our rescue, but were attacked and driven back to Kiao Chu City, where they waited for us. That night we slept little, being advised not to undress, as we might have to flee at any moment. The Germans had to fire in the air several times

to scare away the Chinese, who came in like a horde when we entered the inn. At another place, where we halted for noon rest, one of the Germans rushed in waving both arms wildly in the air, exclaiming: "My horse is stolen!" And they had a lively skirmish to recover the horse.

Next day we were gladdened by the sight of our rescue party, Dr. Bergen riding up to meet us first. Then a handsomely uniformed German cavalry officer saluted us, and handed in our shenza a bottle of delightful spring water and a large cake of sweet chocolate. These were greatly relished, and we said we never tasted anything so delicious and refreshing.

That night we rested in the Swedish Mission at Kiao Chu City. The missionaries had all fled, but we were nicely entertained by the German postmaster in charge of the place. Next morning bright and early, we were off again, and arrived at the edge of the bay just in time to board the little government steamer bound for Tsingtau, and just due to start.

"Now, Miss Hawes, you are going to the safest place in China," said Dr. Bergen. There lay the German port "Tsingtau," in a crescent-shaped harbour, surrounded by a rampart of hills, and there we found blessed relief after our hard experiences. There were tears of joy shed when Mrs. Chalfant and the other missionaries

came out to meet us, and we all praised God for our deliverance.

We were a pretty shabby-looking little party, very weary, and without having any change of raiment for so many days on the journey. But the Bergens' hospitable home was opened to us, and we felt much better after our cleaning up and rest, and the Chinese tailor soon had us provided with some decent clothes. The Ichowfu missionaries came the next day, and the house was filled to the attic with missionary refugees.

“THERE IS NO OTHER GOD THAT CAN DELIVER AFTER THIS SORT.”

CHAPTER XIV

PAOTINGFU MARTYRS

“Greater love hath no man than this!”

TO the glory of God, and in loving remembrance of George Yardly Taylor, M. D., the Rev. Frank Edson Simcox, May Gilson, his wife, and their children, Paul, Francis, and Margaret; Cortlandt Van Rennslaer Hodge, M. D., and Elsie Campbell Sinclair, his wife, who, together with many Chinese fellow-Christians, gave up their lives for Christ at the burning of the Presbyterian Mission premises on this spot, June 30, A.D., 1900.”

“It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master.”—Matt. 10:25.

“Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.”

“Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.”

The Martyrs' Memorial Monument, bearing the above inscription, was unveiled on April 22d, 1911, with appropriate ceremonies. It stands on the site of the Simcox home, where these five

brave missionaries and three children, the very flower of the Presbyterian Church, made their heroic sacrifice and won their martyrs' crown. The many loving friends, Chinese and foreign, who gathered around this monument on that bright spring day, felt they should indeed "put off their shoes from off their feet," for the place whereon they stood was "holy ground." They could not stand on that sacred spot without feeling stirred by the thought of such matchless love. These noble souls "yielded their bodies" that the Chinese might "not serve nor worship any god except their own God," and He was with them in their hour of victory.

On June 30th, 1900, just five days after the riots at Wei Hsien, our Presbyterian missionaries at Paotingfu were surrounded by a horde of Boxers, who had gathered up a rabble as they passed along to the Presbyterian compound, and carried bundles of "Kao liang" stalks, which they used to start the fires and burn the buildings. The American Minister at the Capital did not have enough soldiers to guard the Americans at Peking, so the little company of missionaries ninety miles away in Paotingfu were absolutely helpless. They gathered in one house, and having no way of escape, they perished in the building, which was set on fire by the Boxers. As the flames were flashing about, Mr. Simcox was seen walking with the hand of each of his boys

in his. But it has been said: "The form of a Fourth appeared like the Son of God." Dr. Taylor, one of the gentlest of men, a worthy follower of the "Good Physician," it is said, raised his gun and told the mob that he might kill many of them if he should use it, but he "had not come to China to harm them, and he could not take their lives even when his own was at stake." Then, throwing away the gun, he soon perished.

The fury of the mob continued until they had utterly destroyed every building in the compound, and had also murdered all the missionaries of the American Board and China Inland Mission, then in the city. Twenty-three white marble headstones tell the dreadful tale. In three graves are buried nineteen native Christian martyrs, making twenty-six in all who died for Christ. The story of Horace Pitkin, Miss Morrell and Miss Gould is well known. (Mrs. Pitkin and child were in America then.) Mr. Pitkin could have escaped, but he nobly remained to protect the others, and they all suffered martyrdom together. Three English missionaries and a child also perished. During the Boxer outbreak the C. I. Mission lost, it is reported, about 135 missionaries and 53 missionary children, besides many thousands of Chinese Christians.

"Of whom the world was not worthy."

Some people say: "It does not pay to send

out foreign missionaries." But "see what God hath wrought." "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

To-day new buildings occupy the places of the old, and new missionaries are carrying on the precious work so dearly started by these heroic souls who shed their blood for Christ in China. Little children are playing about as the little Simcox children used to play, and where little Gladys Bagnall, five years old, was the first to die in the little company of Congregational missionaries.

It is said that a new missionary who arrived from America late one evening at Paotingfu scarcely slept that first night because of the sad associations. Rising in the early morning, she opened her window blind, and the first thing she saw was the row of twenty-three white tombstones, and nearly fainted at the pathetic sight.

"God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform."

We cannot understand these mysteries. The thought of these precious lives sacrificed in China during the Boxer war is simply stunning to our sensibilities. We only know that the church of Christ, baptized in this precious blood, has risen triumphant in China over all her enemies. Our missions at Paotingfu, Peking, Wei Hsien, and all over Shantung and other Prov-

inces, have doubled their force of workers; increased their property; the native Christians now number three hundred thousand, which is three times as many as before the riots of 1900.

Besides these actually baptized, there is an enormous constituency estimated at over three millions who know the value and feel the power of the religion of Jesus Christ. Also, we rejoice because of the American and English churches uniting in a more determined way to support and establish the work of God in China on everlasting foundations.

Rev. James E. Craighead, with Mrs. Bessie Corbett Craighead, his wife, visited Paotingfu at the time of the unveiling of the Martyrs' Memorial monument, and speaks of the change in the attitude of the Chinese towards the missionaries. Many of the Boxer leaders were executed, but the majority of the rioters were treated with consideration; their city was spared, and, "as one of the marks of their appreciation of Rev. J. Walter Lowrie's gracious intercessions on their behalf, he was presented with sixteen acres of land admirably located, for the Presbyterian mission." The new church has a spacious auditorium. The grounds of the old compound are now used as a Christian and foreign cemetery. The graves of five native Christian martyrs are here, and here also is the grave of Dr. Lowrie's mother, Mrs. Amelia Tuttle Lowrie, marked by

a striking tablet erected in her memory by the citizens of Paotingfu and its suburbs. Mrs. Lowrie was the honored and dearly beloved senior member of the Paotingfu station, having come to China in 1854 in a sailing vessel with her husband, Rev. Reuben P. Lowrie, brother of Rev. Walter M. Lowrie, who suffered martyrdom in South China July 19th, 1847.

Rev. Craighead speaks also of the impressive gathering of Chinese Christians, crowding the place where the Boxers once raged, and now repeating the "Lord's Prayer" and singing at the Martyrs' monument:

"O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!"

CHAPTER XV

RETURN TO AMERICA

THREE days after arriving in Tsingtau, I left for America, taking with me little Margaret Chalfant, who was then twelve years old. The mission at Wei Hsien being burned to the ground, and there being no hope of rebuilding and taking up our work for at least six months, I decided to strike out for the more peaceful shores of my native country to wait till the war was over, and replenish my lost outfit.

Arriving first at Shanghai, we were told that there were placards posted up: "Kill all foreigners!" and that if we should hear the fire bell strike eight times, we must go at once to the Astor House, where the Volunteers would protect us. One night we heard seven bells, and the next morning concluded it wasn't desirable to wait any longer in Shanghai for our steamer for America, which was not due to start for nearly two weeks. So we boarded a little steamer for Japan, our party consisting of Mrs. Faries and her four boys, Rev. and Mrs. J. A. Fitch and their two little sons, Mrs. Crossette,

little Margaret Chalfant and myself. We were glad to see Dr. Faries, who had secured good quarters for us at Nagasaki and met us that rainy day when we landed. We put up in the big roomy schoolhouse of the Dutch Reformed Mission, empty because of vacation time. There was no furniture but the big broad tables and benches, one or two chairs and a small stove for cooking. We soon collected some necessities from the Japanese shops, however, and were very happy together. Oh, the blessed relief of being in a country where there was no war! Little Margaret and I lay on our rustic Japanese straw mattress, rented at ten cents a night, spread on the floor, and we could see out over the beautiful harbour where the ships lay, and the bright lights, and up at the bright twinkling stars overhead.

Little Hugh Fitch in the next room, however, wasn't very well, and we heard him wailing: "Oh, mamma, I wish I could go to my own little bed! I don't like to sleep on a table!"

It was so pathetic to have that child longing for "his own little bed," that I determined to raise a bed from somebody for that boy after I got home, or I would know the reason why.

"BACK FROM BLOODY CHINA!"

That was the headline in the newspapers the day after I landed in Pittsburg, August 13th,

1900. We were met and joyfully welcomed by our dear friends, who had been so anxious about us. The newspaper reporters were attentive also, and had the Boxer story without delay. Owing to the intense heat, however, my sister and family had gone to the seashore, so I went next day to join them at a pleasant place called Center Moriches on Long Island.

Too sacred to express was the precious meeting when our good Father brought two sisters together, and permitted the weary traveller to see the faces of those most dear on earth, and gave relief to their anxiety, after the years of separation and trial.

“Home! the safe and blissful shelter
Where is glad and full content,
And companionship of kindred; and the
Treasures early rent.
From your holding shall be given back
More precious than before.
Oh! you will not mind the journey
With such blessedness in store,
When the road leads home!”

CHAPTER XVI

MISSIONARY WORK AT HOME

AS soon as I arrived home, I was kept pretty busy trying to persuade people everywhere that there were still some good people in China, and that they were not all like the Boxers. My own beloved "Shadyside Presbyterian Church" had stood loyally back of me with their support and prayers while I was in China, and had also raised \$1,500 to repair the "Ladies' Home," which I left in ashes at Wei Hsien. They naturally felt disheartened about providing a home for me in such a dangerous location, and they asked Elder Pitcairn, before I arrived home, not to send the money to China, for they had heard of the burning of our Mission. So, when I returned home, barely escaped from Wei Hsien with only the clothes on my back, Elder Pitcairn sent me a cheque for \$450, saying that was the portion of the \$1,500 which the givers wished him to "send to Miss Hawes." The rest of the money he had sent at their request, to the aid of the "South Side Presbyterian Church." I went at once to see

my pastor, Rev. Richard S. Holmes, D.D., and gave him that cheque for \$450, and said: "This money doesn't belong to me. It belongs to the Lord. That house must be rebuilt." He agreed with me, and worked vigorously to raise the rest of the money needed to rebuild a home for the Shadyside missionary in China. The Board wrote to my pastor that they had divided up the work of rebuilding the Wei Hsien mission station among the churches, asking each church to raise a certain portion for rebuilding certain houses. This was a splendid way of having the Wei Hsien mission become an investment of many of God's people at home, and blessed by their united gifts and prayers, the Wei Hsien mission stands today a beautiful triumph over Satan's darts.

The Third Presbyterian Church of Pittsburg was asked to give a certain portion of money needed to rebuild the "Woman's Hospital," which they gave, and we have a far better hospital now for the poor sick women than we had in the old days before the riots. The Pt. Breeze Church was asked to give \$1,500 to rebuild the Boys' High School. The elder telephoned me, asking me to speak on Sabbath morning in the Pt. Breeze Church for that cause. I was dismayed at the idea of speaking in a big city church on Sabbath morning, and tried to beg him to excuse me.

“Well, Miss Hawes,” was the answer, “the people won’t give that money unless you present the cause. You have been there and can tell them about the school, but they will not take interest and give unless you do.”

Then I went, and two good earnest women were praying for me on that Sabbath morning during the entire time that I spoke for our dear boys in China, before that large city church crowded with God’s people, who had begun to think it didn’t pay to give money to have mission stations burnt up by the Boxers. The prayers were answered, and the Holy Spirit opened their hearts, so the collection amounted to \$900. Checks were sent in through the week for the rest of the portion asked—\$1,500, and now we have the “Point Breeze Academy for Boys” in the place of the old despoiled school building. Sixty pupils in attendance, and I wish the Pt. Breeze people could have seen them, on Christmas morning last, come in a body, bright young fellows, to thank us for their tablets and lead pencils sent them from the “Pittsburg Branch.”

When Dr. Holmes presented the Board’s request for the Shadyside Church to give a portion of money to rebuild a home for their missionary, the people took interest again, and gave the portion asked of them, with the provision that it should be a home for their missionary, and that

it should be called "The Shadyside Home." When I came back to Wei Hsien, and was allowed to live in this beautiful restful home, I have many times been grateful to God for this blessing provided by my good friends. The country evangelistic work is most precious. I would not change it for any other on the mission field, if I could help it, but it is no fairy tale to stand the strain and sometimes real hardships connected with itinerating in China. And I tell you it is very sweet to find rest and comfort in a nice home in the compound, after a trying country trip. When I found the tile roof was leaking too badly for repair, the wood beneath rotting and threatening to collapse and fall in on me, the Shadyside people again contributed and sent me the means to put on a good new corrugated iron roof. So now on rainy days and nights, I "laugh at the storm," and listen to the pleasant pattering of the little raindrops with no fear of the ceiling dropping on my head, or having to run with my dish pan or bath tub to catch the drips.

It was my privilege to visit many of the home churches, and I wish there were space to tell of all the loving kindness shown me in every part of the country where I was invited to tell the story of our escape. From my own church, I went through ten presbyteries, visiting almost every church in their bounds, and with the help

of the earnest good women in the foreign mission societies organized new mission bands and societies. Mrs. C. P. Turner, former president of the Philadelphia Foreign Society, arranged for me a fine trip through the Synod of Tennessee. This gave me some very lovely and some very unique experiences. Part of the journey was over very high mountains where no buggy could possibly travel; so, mounting a yellow mule, I rode with the missionary who rode a black mule over the mountains to his mission, twelve miles away, called Big Laurel, N. C. We forgot to provide ourselves with lunch, and on the way I grew so hungry I could have eaten the very leaves of the forest, but the missionary called to a woman standing by a tiny cabin:

“Have you any corn bread?”

She replied: “I haven’t any hot bread. I have some *cold* bread!”

She gladly sold us a huge piece for ten cents. It was as heavy as a stone, but ah! how good it tasted. Next day we had an all-day meeting, and those sturdy mountaineers, dressed in calico and sun-bonnets, walked in from their little cabins, some of them seven miles distant, to attend. How they did listen, and how some of them did rub snuff and spit! But when the story reached the point of climbing over the wall at Wei Hsien, they were so absorbed they forgot to spit! And they gave twenty dollars in their collection for

foreign missions. Next day my yellow mule carried me six miles to Allanstand, another picturesque spot in the beautiful mountains, where the little children sang so sweetly:

“ There is no Friend like the lowly Jesus;
No, not one. No, not one! ”

Then a black mule carried me for ten miles, fording a very deep stream, and over the high mountains, the mail carrier my guide, down to the railroad, where I just caught a freight train going to my next place—Hot Springs. I found the Presbyterian preacher, Rev. F. W. Jackson, once a Shantung missionary, just ready with his family to enjoy a splendid dinner of baked beans, and they were very delicious and refreshing to the weary traveller, stiff from the long mule-back ride. In the afternoon the preacher conducted me to Paint Rock, a place six miles up the railroad, where we had a little school-house full of interested hearers after our evening meal with the missionary ladies. Mr. Jackson warned me before I began to speak to the people that the last train was due at eight o'clock, returning to Hot Springs, and to cut my talk short if I did not wish to walk six miles, by missing that train. But, inspired by the many uplifted eager faces, and the great subject of China, time and trains were entirely forgotten, until a whistle sounded,

and I saw a few nodding to each other as much as to say, "There is the train!" With a parting request that they should all pray for China, I seized my cloak and dashed for the door and out into the darkness.

Mr. Jackson followed me, calling: "Miss Hawes, Miss Hawes!"

But I plunged ahead, not heeding his cries, and fell headlong, face downward, into a big ditch, which was fortunately dry, so I was not hurt or wet, and scrambling up, with one more last rush, I got to the little station just in time to see the train go by, which was only a freight train, after all! Mr. Jackson with his lantern and the congregation appeared soon, and told me how much they "enjoyed the talk," and we all laughed together when the real train came along to carry us over those six miles home.

The next morning I was struck with one of the earnest faces before me in the Sabbath School of the Dorland Institute, a school for mountain boys. This boy's name was Percy Peck, a bright boy of about twelve years. He looked so much like my dear nephew at home that I had a little talk with him after service. That evening in the Presbyterian Church, Rev. Jackson said very earnestly: "Now, you have all heard about the work in China, and I feel sure some of us here would like to show our love to Christ. Are we going to let those old women

in China go into heaven, and any of us be left out? Let us make this meeting tonight mean something for us! Who will come out on the Lord's side tonight? In the silence that followed, Percy Peck, my dear little mountain boy, arose, his face all shining, and prayer was offered for him. Next morning he said to me: "I will always be a Christian man. That meeting last night did a great deal for me!"

The mountain schools in the South are gathering in some very precious jewels for our Master.

On my way, Mrs. Campbell, a returned missionary from Africa, told me she had spoken in a missionary meeting where one of the ladies asked her:

"Are you the Miss Campbell who was drowned in Siam?"

In all my travels, I never met anybody like that who thought missionaries could go through anything, even drowning, and still live to tell the tale, but I have met the most cordial, sympathetic hearts, and found rest and refreshment in kind, hospitable homes everywhere I went. And I never failed to get the ready substantial aid I asked for to help my missionary co-workers out in China to set up housekeeping again. Hugh Fitch got his bed, and the first woman's prayer meeting after the riots at Wei Hsien was held on a bright new rag carpet, spread on the ground, to the great delight of the Chinese women who

sat upon it, a gift from the First Presbyterian Church of Allegheny to Mrs. Mateer, who led the meeting, and who was the first woman missionary to venture back to Wei Hsien after the riots. How glad the Chinese Christians were to see the missionaries back again! They cried for joy, and gathered quickly to pour out their hearts in gratitude to God.

While at home I remembered my Chinese teacher Wang, who had done such faithful work as teacher and evangelist, but who longed to finish his college course, saying: "I feel like a man who has not eaten enough. I am hungry for the rest of my course."

The money was furnished by a Christian grocer for this good object. He handed me \$200 in gold, saying it was left by his dying wife for God's work in China. This sacred bequest was well invested. "Wang Yuan Teh" was thus enabled to finish his college course, and graduated with the highest honours of his class. Dr. Calvin Mateer found him such a valuable assistant in his work of translation of the Scriptures into Chinese, that he retained him for that work and provided another teacher for me named Feng, who was also an acceptable evangelist.

After the death of Dr. Mateer, Wang was chosen as professor in the college, and he still holds this position. He is also an elder in the church, and often preaches in the chapel. His

sermons are clear and earnest and listened to with attention. He has a neat home and a very happy family, his wife being a High School graduate and one of our best Christian teachers. They have two bright little sons, whom they have dedicated to God's service.

We have just received the good news of the success of two of our good college boys, and their brave loyalty to God under very trying circumstances. "Sze I Suen" (or Ernest, as we call him), one of our very bright and earnest Christian college students, sails next week for America, where he will be received as a student at Yale University, having successfully passed his examinations at the Imperial University at Peking. This is in accordance with the agreement between the United States and China, after the Boxer war, that China should educate young men to be sent to American or English Christian colleges instead of paying indemnity money to the United States, as other nations demanded. Ernest is the first student to go under this agreement from our Presbyterian Shantung University, and we are rejoicing over this, and ask you to pray for him. This young man appeared at the Chinese-English school at Chefoo when he was a boy of ten, and the teacher, the late Rev. George Cornwell, of our Presbyterian mission, admitted him most cordially, not only to the school, but also

as a member of his own family, when Ernest's heathen parents disowned him because of his belief in Christ. He was very studious, and Mrs. Cornwell taught him English and let him eat at the same table with her children. From that time all through his course in school and college he has showed gratitude and appreciation for all the help he has received from the missionaries, and while at Peking he held to his Christian principles and refused to worship the tablet of Confucius.

"Yi Shing Lin" is another loyal Christian, a graduate of our college at Tengchow, who accepted a position as teacher in the Provincial School at Honan, at a high salary. Upon his arrival, the official received him with respect, and said: "Here are your pupils. You will first conduct them to the temple and worship Confucius, and then return and formally open school." Great was his amazement when our loyal Christian graduate refused to prostrate himself at the feet of Confucius, saying he was willing to do everything else, but he could not consent to worship any but the true God! For three long hours they talked the matter over, but our Christian graduate was firm and true to God, and thereby lost his position. The official, however, could not afford to lose the good teacher and retained him as tutor to his own sons through the year, allowing him to worship God

according to his own conscience. At the close of the year he went to Paotingfu, where he is teaching in the military college. He has higher plans, however, for he is preparing to enter one of our theological seminaries with the view of entering the ministry.

There is wonderful change now in China, a broader outlook being taken by the influential classes of the Chinese. Hundreds of interested, intelligent people attend the daily and hourly preaching services in Chinanfu, and our missionaries are all greatly encouraged.

"THE MISSIONARY"

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
 And secret whisper to my spirit. Like
 A dream of night that tells me I am on
 Enchanted ground. Why live I here?
 The vows of God are on me, and I may not stop
 To play with earthly shadows, or pluck earthly
 flowers,
 Till I my work have done, and rendered up
 Account. The voice of my departed Lord:
 'Go teach all nations,' from the Eastern world
 Comes on the night air, and awakes my ear.

And I will go. I may not longer doubt
 To give up friends, and home, and idle hopes,
 And every tender tie that binds my heart
 To thee—my country. Why should I regard
 Earth's little store of borrowed sweets. I sure
 Have had enough of bitter in my cup,
 To show that never was it His design,
 Who placed me here, that I should live at ease,
 Or drink at pleasure's fountain. Henceforth then
 It matters not if storm or sunshine be
 My future lot; bitter or sweet my cup:
 I only pray, 'God fit me for my work;
 God make me holy, and my spirit nerve
 For the stern hour of strife.' Let me but know
 There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
 An eye that kindly watches all my path:
 Till I my weary pilgrimage have done.
 Let me but know I have a Friend that waits
 To welcome me to glory, and I joy
 To tread the dark and death-fraught wilderness."

CHAPTER XVII

RETURN TO CHINA

WHEN I left China, the people asked: "When will you come back to us?" Just after I landed in America, the people asked: "When are you going back to China?"

Although it is wonderfully sweet to be in the homeland, yet every missionary feels the "East a-calling" pretty strong by and by, and so it came to pass that Thanksgiving Day, 1904, found me back in old China, and celebrating "Thanksgiving" with our good missionaries (Presbyterian and Baptist) at Rev. Pruitt's home in Tengchow, a quaint little city by the sea. I had sailed this time with Dr. and Mrs. Watson M. Hayes and their little son Ernest; had been welcomed in the East Shantung annual meeting and received the kindly hand grasp of our grand old pioneer missionary, Dr. Hunter Corbett, at Chefoo, and had been cordially invited by the members of the Tengchow mission station, both Chinese and foreign, to join them, and Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Seymour with their bright little baby

boy had taken me in their hospitable home and made me very comfortable and happy.

It was very sweet to give thanks for all the mercies of the past year, and I felt especially grateful to God, who had once more entrusted me with His precious message of salvation, and brought me safely over the deep waters to this great country of China, whose hoary antiquity stretches away back through ancient history, and into the mists of fable for unknown thousands of years, and yet the majority of whose vast millions have not yet been reached by the Gospel. Don't you hear their souls' sad cry, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!"

A great change had come over China since I had been chased out by the mob in 1900. The allied forces had rescued the missionaries and legations (just in time to prevent their being all blown up by the undermine powder blast the Empress had nearly completed under them), and they had put an end to the Boxer War. The tired regiments of soldiers had received a joyous welcome when they entered the British Legation, and they were revived by hot pony soup—the best there was to offer them. The Chinese Government and people had been conquered, and the terms of peace were very grievous, so they had learned their lesson.

The proud Empress Dowager had failed to

annihilate the missionaries and other foreigners, and had been a fugitive herself for a time. His Excellency Ching Shan says in his diary written August 14th:

“At the hour of the Monkey (4 P. M.), Duke Lan burst into the Palace, unannounced, and shouted: “Old Buddha, the foreign devils have come!” Close upon his footsteps came Kang I, who reported that a large force of turbaned soldiery were encamped in the grounds of the Temple of Heaven.

“They are foreign devils. Your Majesty must escape at once, or they will murder you!”

They fled at dawn of day in common carts. For the first time in her life, her hair was done up in the Chinese fashion (twisted in a knot).

“Who could ever have believed that it would come to this?” she said.

When the favorite wife of the Emperor pleaded that he be allowed to remain in Peking, she shouted to the eunuchs on duty:

“Throw her down the well!”

In vain the Emperor fell at his knees in supplication. She was cast down the large well just outside the Palace. Then they fled in common carts as poor country folk, and made their way to the ancient Northern Capital, Si-An-Fu, Shensi Province.

A Peking missionary says: “The Emperor, who for two years was a prisoner in his island

palace, continually opposed the insane course of the empress dowager. He exposed himself to scorn and insult by tearfully protesting against the declaration of war in June. When he heard that the Allies had entered Peking, he entreated that he might be allowed to go in person to the legations to sue for peace. He was dragged an unwilling exile from his Capital that August morning. Gladly would he recross the snow-clad mountains, and in the capital of his ancestors seek to bring peace and prosperity to his distracted country."

During their absence, the temples and palaces in the Forbidden City were occupied by foreign soldiers. Even Bible classes and Y. M. C. A. meetings were held by Christian teachers right in the very rooms the Dowager had lived in. At one of these meetings a young soldier, Mr. Christian, was converted, joined the Y. M. C. A., and has been doing Christian work ever since among soldiers.

The Empress hated all foreigners, but she smoked foreign cigarettes and lighted her palaces with electric light, and the soldiers found under the Emperor's bed a large box containing a foreign mechanical doll that could walk. The British soldiers felt sorry for the Emperor, and saved many boxes of his valuables, which they returned to him when the Court returned from Si-An-Fu. However, the Empress must have

missed some of her large and costly vases and jardineres, as it is said the soldiers tied ropes around their necks and used them for water buckets.

His Excellency Ching Shan closed his diary, saying: "The Empress has fled. All the women of my family have taken poison and died. There is no one to prepare my evening meal!" Ching Shan was murdered that evening by his unfilial sons, who pushed him down a well in order to secure his money.

The Taku forts, which defended the sea entrance to Peking, were razed and the railroad to the Capital occupied by foreign troops. Indemnity had to be paid. New Commercial treaties were made. Governor Yuan Shih K'ai had protected the Shantung missionaries, and while on that Thanksgiving Day, 1904, we sorrowed for the loss of precious lives in China, yet we all rejoiced that the Boxer War was over, and the reaction had set in, so that peace and quiet seemed assured to the missionary, and the people were ready for new ideas and teaching.

The college had been transferred from Teng-Chow to Wei Hsien, Dr. Calvin Mateer had resigned the presidency, Dr. Watson Hayes had succeeded him, and then Dr. Paul D. Bergen had become President. But Dr. Mateer was deep in the work of translating the Scriptures, and needed my Chinese teacher Wang to help

him. He justly sent me an excellent teacher in his place named Feng to help me refresh my Chinese language. Also, my good old cook Lü, who had been so faithful to us on the day of the riots and suffered so, hearing I was in Teng-Chow, mounted a donkey and rode for six days from his home in the interior, and I was glad to see his good old friendly, smiling face once more, and hear him say he was going to stay and help me.

The following letter from Wang, written in the scanty English which he had picked up himself (as it was not then in the college course) will be of interest :

“ Wei Hsien 1904—9—29

“ Dear Miss Hawes,

“ I am very gladly that you came back from America. I thanks God for I can see you in this world. All Chinese women that you know hope you come back bequickly. Because we overheard that you go to Tengchow, not Wei Hsein. That makes us very sorrow. In five months ago, I am already decided to help Mr. Mateer translation the Holy Bible. I think if I can help Mr. Mateer. Well I cannot help you to preaches the Gospel. Therefore I told Mrs. Chalfant if you come Back Wei Hsien I am very wish my wife Pan Wang to help you read Bible and preach. But you are already Decided go to Tengchow. I think she must not wish go. And I saw Liu Wen Chi, he said unto me He

must go to help you. I am praying my God help you in every day.

“Wang Yuan Teh.”

After Dr. Mateer had told Wang he could not spare him from the work of translation, this was the result :

“Miss Hawes,

“Mr. Mateer Determined not let me go and write a letter to you. Beg you permitting him. I must help him translation the holy Bible. I dont Know if I can Burden this heavy laden or not. If he must want me help He must give me a good nourishment. My Parents and my family all pretty well. Only one Business make me very sorrow for them want me help is too much for theirs debts. But I graduated only six months. How I can getting so much cash to help them. I pray my God save me. I Believed Him must save me. My Parents give Thanks to you for you help me graduated from Teng-chow College. The wemen of my village that you knew and my family joints me in kindest regards.

“Wang Yuan Teh.”

I was not surprised after reading these letters to hear from Dr. Mateer that he found Wang a “pretty expensive luxury,” for he had to pay his poor family’s debts, but he couldn’t afford to do without him. This is just a single instance of how the poor Christian students who graduate

and begin to earn a living, are taxed to support so many of their poor relations, and no wonder they grow discouraged and feel the "Burden" is "heavy laden." However, as more of their people become educated and Christianized, it is easier.

A young graduate from the Carlisle, Pa., Indian School, United States, settled with his family in the West, industriously built a neat little cabin, and cultivated his few acres around it, putting into practice his newly acquired knowledge of white man's ways. Just as his crops were ready for harvest, a swarm of his relations in grease and blanket appeared and camped down upon his place, where they remained until they had eaten up all his corn and everything else he had so carefully raised. He even had to hide his cows to keep them from being stolen when those Indians left.

These young Christian graduates need our prayers as they start out in life, that they may be brave in their struggles to uplift their people and establish Christian homes.

The first trip I took to the country villages around Tengchow I visited a Christian home, where many heathen people crowded in from curiosity, and we talked the Gospel to them and tried to teach them. A young woman came in whose face was very thickly powdered and painted, and as she left the room I thought I had



MISS HAWES AND HELPERS AT TENGCHOW

never seen a more heathen countenance. But she listened outside, and oh! the blessed change that took place when the Holy Spirit touched her heart! As the women left, I was about to go, too, but she ran in, her face all eager and alight, and pressing my knees with both her hands, said: "Don't go yet! You must teach me. I will learn anything you teach me. What is it? Jesus loves me? I love Jesus!" Oh, it is precious to help these souls to know Christ their Saviour.

CHAPTER XVIII

RETURN TO WEI HSIEN

FOR nearly a year I did country work in the villages around Tengchow, Feng and my Bible woman and old cook Lü faithfully assisting. Then I was transferred back to Wei Hsien, my old camping ground, and, strange to say, the Chalfants having gone to America on furlough, I occupied their house; and so "I lay me down in peace and slept" in the very spot from which we were driven by Boxers, June 25th, 1900.

"In this place will I give peace, saith the Lord." What a glorious change had taken place in Wei Hsien! Twice as many missionaries now and a splendid compound of fifty acres of ground with so many fine new buildings. The college with its bell tower, the High Schools, and hospitals all so flourishing, and the missionary homes so complete. The prettiest of all the homes, however, is the "Shadyside Home," at the south end of the compound. Come and see. The beautiful broad front porch with the fragrant blossoming vines over it holds so many peo-

ple, and the Chinese women come and have some happy tea-drinkings here. The little children come, too, with their cute little gay clothes, and they like to pick the pretty posies in the garden, and after the cakes and many bowls of tea are enjoyed, they love to sing their hymns of praise, and I just love to listen to them, too.

The work at Wei Hsien is all one. It is all the precious work of our dear Lord, the educational, the medical and the evangelistic. This splendid college, now called the "Shantung Christian University," with its three hundred and more students, every graduate for forty-seven years *a Christian*, sends out trained Christian men all over China. Each year the demand increases for our graduates. The college draws its students from the High School, and these High Schools in turn draw their students from the country Christian schools, and back of all these schools are the homes of the Chinese in the country villages, where the evangelistic missionaries visit and do Christian work. Most important is it then to keep the "fountain pure, that the streams may be pure."

My work is the evangelistic, and so, four days after I arrived at Wei Hsien, I was off on my wheelbarrow to the country, and never stopped until January, going out through fifty-six villages, all around the country, holding services in the home of every Christian, in many heathen

homes, in the Chapels, and in the streets, and had the joy of seeing thirty-two families destroy their kitchen gods and join us in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow!" while we pasted up the calendar of Christian Sabbaths and helped them to set up the worship of the true God in their homes.

Oh, what a welcome I received from these dear country people whom I love so well! What a joy to see the native Christians again and to find most of them so faithful, teaching others the way of life. It was very cheering to find some who had learned their first prayer from me before the riots now doing faithful work as Bible women. That is what makes you feel it is worth while to come to China.

In one village I visited a home where one of our school girls lived, and the poor girl was sad because her mother told her it was a "waste of time" to go to church, and was not willing for her to finish her course in the Wei Hsien High School. The circumstances in the little home were discouraging, and all the mother needed was encouragement and help by kind words and counsel. After a little service in her home, the whole family came out to the moonlight evening prayer-meeting and were blessed. The father and mother both died soon after that meeting when they had renewed their love to God; the daughter has graduated from our High School,



ONE OF MISS HAWES' COUNTRY-VILLAGE BIBLE CLASSES

has done good work as a teacher, and is happily married to a Christian teacher, a graduate of the "Shantung Christian University."

In another village I found one of our dear little school boys had upset a lamp and burnt his face badly. Before I came a stupid Chinese doctor (?) had smeared the poor child's face with a thick coating of black stuff, boiled bark of a tree. It was pitiful to see the little fellow as he put his hands together to salute me. All you could see were his eyes through slits made in that awful black mask over his face, while the pus trickled and dripped from the cracks. I applied a thorough dose of vaseline all over the hardened mixture on the child's face and exhorted the old grandmother not to let anyone rub that ointment off and gave her money to hire a barrow to take him next day to our hospital. The little fellow was delighted with a dolly and some marbles I gave him, and he repeated the Lord's Prayer with me. I saw him in our hospital later on, and his face was clear, and, under treatment, soon recovered. The doctor said he would have died from the infection of that awful stuff on his face if he had not come when he did.

Itinerating is very necessary for reaching those in their homes who cannot afford to come to our compound or even go to a Bible Class in the country if they are too aged, or crippled, or blind. But throughout the winter I have many Bible

Classes in the country, the women coming from miles around to attend, bringing their own coarse bread and joining in the expense of the hot soup. And your heart goes out to them, too, in love when you see them, after studying all day patiently, gather for their evening meal, and bow reverently while one of them asks the blessing of God upon their food. They teach us lessons of patience and gratitude for our blessings.

We had a wonderful revival at Wei Hsien during the year after I returned, which extended all over the country. It began in quiet prayer offered by native Christians and foreign missionaries, definitely pleading for God's blessing upon the Christian Women's Conference held for ten days in the chapel. Over three hundred Christian women gathered in from over two hundred villages. Some aged ones had walked 75 li to attend. At the opening meeting an elder of the Old China variety offered prayer and praised God that so many of these "useless creatures" had come to be instructed. The women did not resent his words, being raised on that kind of language, but I tell you it was an eye-opener to hear their discussions! If some of your American club women could have heard them, they would have been surprised and delighted with the display of good sense and versatility of suggestions and ideas coming from those humble Christian Chinese women in their

simple toilettes of coarse blue calico. They discussed "Foot Binding," "Dedicating Infants to God," "Showing Partiality for Boys Over Girls," etc., etc., etc., while the missionary ladies superintended this Conference and helped, yet there were excellent addresses by our educated Christian women, graduates of our schools and wives of the college professors. At the first sunrise prayer-meeting they openly confessed all sins to God, breaking out in strong pleading and crying till the room was filled with the sounds of this very torrent of prayer, and the blessing we had been praying for came to all present. At the close of this Conference the Christian women hastily scattered among a crowd of heathen women who were going to burn incense in a temple, and they did splendid work in teaching them about the worship of the true God. Then they went to their homes, preaching as they went, like the disciples of old, and telling to all around what they had learned at the Conference. Since then I have kept a lookout for those women and found that nearly all were true to their promise to unbind their feet, and they have influenced many others to do the same, and study the Gospel.

Then came Rev. H. A. Johnston, D. D., from America, and after some earnest prayer services for the descent of the Holy Spirit upon his work, we met on Sabbath morning in the Chapel, which

was crowded with the Chinese students and church members, as well as heathen. The presence of the Spirit was distinctly felt by all. Nobody whispered. No one coughed. All were deeply moved. In the afternoon I met Mr. Fitch, who exclaimed: "Our prayers are answered! All the college students are praying and crying! It's wonderful!" Later on the same was reported of the girls and boys in the High Schools. After another day the beautiful harvest came; young people rising for prayer and saying they wished to be Jesus' disciples, asked to be baptized. Everybody went around with happy, shining faces, both Chinese and foreigners. The Lord had visited us with a marvelous awakening such as was never known before in the history of Wei Hsien.

The tide of revival spread over other parts of China. In Ts'ang Chou, a large city south of Tientsin, the Christian medical students held prayer circles among the soldiers in hospitals, chapels, in the streets, and many striking testimonies were given. One said: "What makes me shiver so at the thought of all my sins?" Another said: "I see two faces; one, the face of the enemy, full of baffled rage, and the other the face of Christ, full of pity and desire to bless. I wish to bow my head whilst He lays His hand on me. I want to give myself to Him to do with me as He will." One clutched his arm and said:

“Why don’t you pray for me? I’ve come a hundred li. There is no one praying for me!” Prayer brought peace to all these.

I wish I could picture to you more clearly how these simple people hunger after the Word of God, and the surprising power in prayer, and remarkable wealth of illustrations. It is good to hear in belated China the phenomena of electricity and magnetism used to explain Christian truth. An elder, condemning unworthy motives among the Chinese workers, compared those who harbor them to a performing bear. “His master gives him a tasty morsel at the end of every trick. Like him are preachers who only preach for money.”

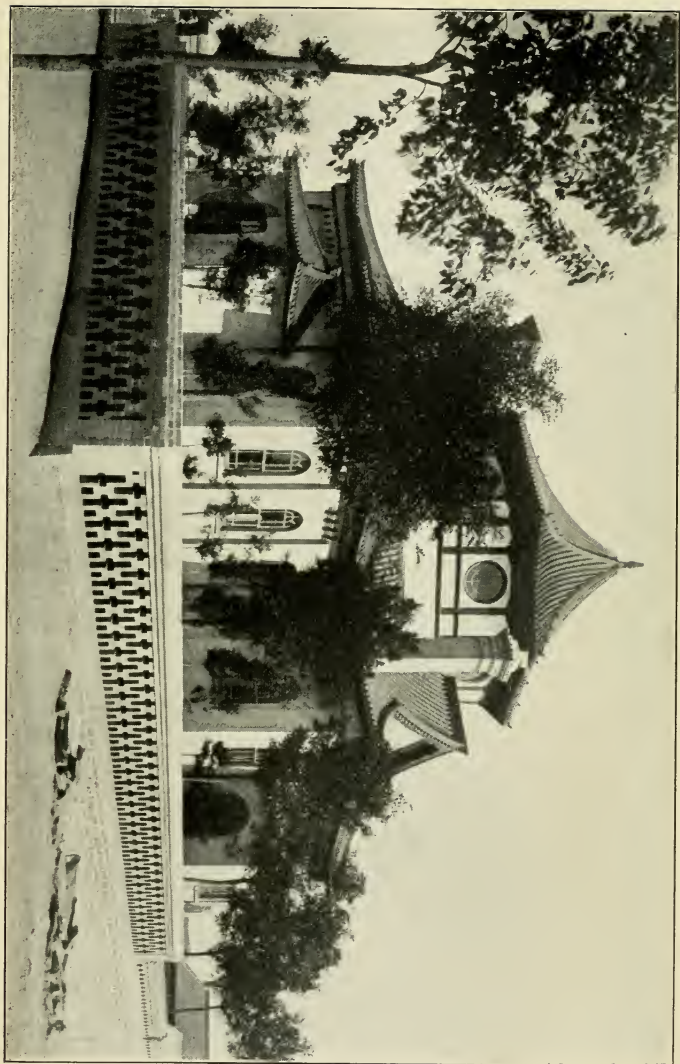
Another compared Christ and Christians to a magnet and iron filings. The nearer the filings are to the magnet the closer they stick to each other; and the further they are removed therefrom, the less they hold together. “It is not the noise of the wind in the wires that carries the unseen message; and the quiet Voice in the hearts of men is better than many sermons.”

Another said that men are a good deal like silkworms bound fast in cocoons of sin which with careful toil we ourselves spin till helpless in the meshes. Like them, we need a new strong life to free us from our prison, and send us forth on new-found wings to enjoy the air of heaven.

These meetings have done wondrous good in

156 NEW THRILLS IN OLD CHINA

the way of creating mutual trust and confidence and fellow-working between Chinese and foreigners. There is a better understanding all around and new life in churches, schools, and hospitals, at headquarters and far afield.



THE PRESBYTERIAN CHAPEL, WEI HSIEN, CHINA

CHAPTER XIX

THE PLAGUE! UNDER QUARANTINE!

CHINA has had some awful trials in the shape of floods, famine, plague and war in recent years.

The plague came within 60 li of our compound two years ago. In one village, when a man came home from a visit, all his friends came to see him, and in two days they were all dead. Many deaths from plague occurred among the Chinese, so that it was thought best to quarantine our Wei Hsien Station for a while. The big gate of the compound was shut up, and a little opening only was used when anybody knocked for admittance.

“Who are you?”

“Where did you come from?”

“Is anyone sick in your village?”

“What’s the matter with them?”

These questions were asked by the gatekeeper if anybody outside put their head in the opening. If it happened to be somebody who was connected with the mission, and it was necessary to let them in, they were conducted directly from

the gate to an isolated row of rooms surrounded by barbed wire and a locked gate. Food and necessaries were sent to them for five days and the doctor examined each one daily. My cook was held up when he came back from a visit to his mother's village, and the next day I took pity on him and sent him a big bunch of fire-crackers and some matches to amuse himself with, and some story books. All the rest of the boys in quarantine were glad and sent me word they wanted some more story books. All the schools were disbanded and scholars sent home. Just after the quarantine began, Dr. Robert Mather held services in a village 90 li away, and as he left, the people said they were "all praying for Miss Hawes to come and teach the Bible Class for women promised for the 20th of the first moon" (February 18).

As there was no plague in all that region, I was allowed to go, after an application of the doctor's innoculating needle. So I broke quarantine and went out in a shenza, as glad as any bird let loose from a cage. It is not in the blood of a free Western Pennsylvanian to stand being shut up in quarantine, and it was good to be out among the people again. But I was obliged to stay out for seven weeks before that quarantine was lifted at Wei Hsien. Although I was itinerating and teaching Bible classes all around in a district where there was not a single case of

plague; in some places the people had not even heard of the plague; yet it was best to take proper precautions, of course, in a large compound like ours, so I stayed out and continued my work. The classes were all very encouraging, and I felt repaid for the inconvenience of my money and supplies of food and religious literature for classes, etc., giving out too soon. We had the benefit of the intelligent help of the High School girls and college teachers in all these villages, as they had to stay home till the Wei Hsien quarantine was off and the educational work started up again. They gave their services entirely free, saying it was their "duty to help the Heavenly Father's affairs." In one village the people knew I was coming, and they had whitewashed and swept out the chapel, and said: "Stay here with us! The longer the better. Stay six months and we will be glad." They brought me fresh eggs, and I got them all to dress up in their best and took their picture with my kodak.

We visited some heathen homes where we had the joy of seeing the family destroy their kitchen god. This is pasted up over the cooking "Koa" —that is, on the wall near the great iron bowl where the food is cooked. This god presides over the household affairs, and every Chinese New Year he is worshipped and food placed before him. Then he is torn off the wall and burned up, when he is supposed to go 'skyward and

make a good report of the family. A new one is then pasted up who takes charge.

The legend told about this kitchen god is as follows: He was once a man named Chang, who grew tired of his wife, though she was good and virtuous, so he put her out and married another who was a very base character and treated him so badly he was obliged to leave in a few months. Meantime his first wife, when cast out, had wandered sadly away and out through the open country, when suddenly she saw shining lumps on the ground before her. She gathered as many of them as she could carry and soon found a good home with an old woman who lived alone, for the shining lumps were pure gold.

Then one day along came a beggar, very hungry and weary, whom she recognized at once as her husband, but he did not recognize her until she set before him a bowl of noodle soup, hot and savory, such as she knew he liked. Then a large brass hairpin fell from her hair. He saw it fall and was so overcome with shame as he saw it was one he had given his wife, and the thought of her serving him after he had cast her off, caused him to faint and fall into the fire. So he went up in smoke, and has ever since been worshipped as the kitchen god. When the Chinese learn to love the Lord Jesus, these ridiculous superstitions and false gods are given up, and they willingly paste up the calendar of Christian

Sabbaths instead and set up the worship of the true God.

“The race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong, but China is being won by patient, constant, quiet working with these Orientals.”

Dr. Calvin Mateer lived to see the glorious fruits of his self-sacrifice and toil in the early days, when he landed in China after a fearfully trying voyage of six months in a sailing vessel which carried them around the Cape of Good Hope. He saw the splendid gathering of three hundred students, the college which was once only a few poor little street boys in Tengchow, taught in his home; and as he preached on occasional Sabbaths in his faultless Chinese, it was no wonder his eyes were sometimes filled with tears of joy and pride. And these college students, as well as Chinese officials, and the college faculty did him honor on his seventieth birthday at the Wei Hsien chapel with congratulatory addresses, and many handsomely inscribed souvenirs, among them being two large lacquered inscriptions on wood in black and gold which are now hung in the college.

Dr. Mateer quietly entered Heaven on September 28th, 1908.

CHAPTER XX

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

ANCIENT CHINA WAKING UP

“O, East is East and West is West, and never the
twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God’s great
judgment seat;
But there is neither East nor West, border nor breed
nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face,
Though they come from the ends of the earth.”

—KIPLING.

THIS great country, which is now in the throes of establishing itself as a republic, is one of the oldest and mightiest kingdoms of the earth. When Moses led the Israelites through the wilderness, Chinese laws and literature excelled those of Egypt. It is said that “Wing Nang,” an emperor of China one hundred years before David’s time, composed classics which are still committed to memory. “While Homer was composing and singing the Iliad, China’s blind minstrels were praising her ancient heroes, already buried thirteen centuries.

Before England was invaded by the Norman conquerors, China's literature was fully developed. The Chinese invented firearms in the time of England's first Edward, and the art of printing five hundred years before Caxton was born. They made paper A. D. 150, and gunpowder about the dawn of the Christian era. A thousand years ago the ancestors of the present Chinese sold silks to the Romans and dressed in these fabrics when the inhabitants of the British Isles wore coats of blue paints and fished in willow canoes. Her great wall was built 220 years before Christ was born in Bethlehem, and contains material enough to build a wall five or six feet high around the globe."

In May, 1912, Mrs. R. M. Mateer and I took the railroad from Peking to Nan K'ou, and after visiting the Ming Tombs, went by rail through the magnificent scenery of the Nan K'ou Pass to a little station within four li of the Great Wall. This railroad joins Peking to Kalgan, has sharp curves, steep grades, long tunnels, and splendid smooth roadbed, all built by Chinese without foreign aid. This itself shows the vast changes taking place in China. Old China is gone and new China is emerging. In 1900 Rev. Mark Williams, with his wife and fellow missionaries, who had composed the last company of missionaries that sailed around the Cape of Good Hope to China, reaching Kalgan February

21, 1866, and who had done faithful mission work at Kalgan since that time, escaped across the desert of Gobi and after much suffering and untold privations reached the Russian frontier about two months from their leaving Kalgan. In 1902 Rev. Williams and wife returned to China and are now connected with the work in Tungchow.

When we walked from the railroad station towards the Great Wall, a fierce wind blew against us so we could scarcely step, but we made our way up the beautiful winding roadways through the mountains, turning aside for the trains of camels which passed us by in haughty, picturesque awkwardness, and we were content to sit and rest beside the Great Wall and admire this most stupendous piece of work ever built by man. It is well called one of the wonders of the world. It took eight million men toiling for eight years to build it. It is 1,250 miles long and 35 feet high, and its course is irregular, but chosen without regard to natural obstacles, extending clear across the whole northern limit of the huge empire, from the sea to the farthest western corner of the province of Kan Su. The Mongolians call it the "White Wall," the Chinese call it the "Ten-thousand-li-Wall," and it is the most gigantic defensive work in the world.

A party of English tourists who were with us on our train, struggled against the furious winds

and held on to their hats and the side of the wall, their clothing fluttering wildly, as they climbed to one of the strong turrets to get a view. These turrets were for the Chinese to patrol and keep watch against the Manchus; for, even in that early time, they invaded across the border and robbed the Chinese of their property and their women. This struggle to get rid of the Manchus is no new thing.

The wall is built double, 21 feet thick, faced with huge dressed granite blocks, with stone rubble filled in between, and towers at frequent intervals. The top of the wall has a coping each side of exceedingly hard sun-dried brick. No such hard bricks are made now. The composition must have been a secret with those ancient workmen which they have not handed down. Our tourist friends brought us specimens of it. Since the accession of the Manchu Dynasty in 1644, the wall was allowed to fall into decay, and the railroad cuts through it shamefully.

But it is still standing almost entirely—a lasting monument to bear witness to the enterprising energy of the Emperor Chin Shih Hwang, who became king in 246 B. C., when only thirteen years of age; but he was such a hustler he made everybody feel his influence. He chose Si An Fu as his capital and built there a magnificent palace, which was the wonder and admiration of his contemporaries. He constructed roads

through the empire, formed canals and erected many public buildings. He marched with an army of 300,000 men against the Tartars and completely routed them. He subdued tribe after tribe of rebels till peace was restored and then began to reform the empire he had won.

But the Chinese hated reforms at that time, the same as they hated the reforms of the poor Emperor Kwang Su before the Boxer riots. The long finger-nailed fossils of school-teachers were constantly holding up the heroes of the feudal times for the admiration of the people, and the Emperor Chin Shih Hwang (or Che Hwang-te) determined to break up the whole ancient feudal system, ordered the destruction of all books referring to the past history of the empire. This decree was almost universally carried out, and many scholars were killed for failing in obedience to it. The Chinese show you today a village built on the "Slope of the Burning Books," where the king made an enormous bonfire of the old Confucian books, and then made a deep pit where about three hundred luckless school-teachers were buried alive to their necks and heavy chariots driven over their heads.

He could not, however, burn up the tablets of memory, and therefore many of these ancient writings were reproduced from memory and cut in stone which no fire could burn. Also many books were hidden in walls and preserved. The

Great Wall was begun under this king's supervision, but he died before its completion.

BRIEF STATEMENT OF EVENTS PRIOR TO
REVOLUTION

From the failure of the Boxer movement, the Empress learned at a bitter cost some much-needed lessons and began issuing reform edicts, showing entirely new policy, and sincerely striving to establish her popularity and pacify the people at large; but for all that, she remained to the end faithful in her affection for the Boxer leaders, and to the last she never failed to praise their loyalty to her person and the patriotic bravery of their attempt to expel the foreigner. But she was forced to acknowledge that until China should be strong enough, all anti-foreign proceedings must be suppressed. It is said that "so masterly were her methods of dealing with the necessities of the situation, and so forcibly did the style and arguments of her decrees appeal to the literati, that they carried very general conviction. Even the most bigoted Confucianists were won by her subtle suggestions as to what would have been the attitude of the Sage himself if confronted by such problems as the Nation had now to face." Her edicts, issued from Si-An-Fu before her return to Peking, show that she realized clearly the dangers which threatened

the Manchu rule. A decree was also issued in the name of the Emperor, a pathetic admission of the Throne's guilt, a plea for the sympathy of his people, and an exhortation to return to ways of wisdom. It concludes:

"We, the lord of this Empire, have failed utterly in warding off calamities from our people, and we should not hesitate for one moment to commit suicide, in order to placate our tutelary deities and the gods of the soil, but we cannot forget that duty of filial piety and service which we owe to our sacred and aged mother, the Empress Dowager."

Prince Ching and his colleagues presented these various utterances from the Throne to the respective Powers, who assured the advisers of the Empress and Emperor of their personal safety. Then the viceroys and high officials of the Provinces united in a memorial urging the court to return to Peking. Before coming to a decision to return, however, the Empress required to be fully assured that the foreign Powers would not insist on her abdicating the supreme power as one of the conditions of peace. She would only return if guaranteed the full dignity and power of her former position. She was delighted to receive the good news that her treasure vaults in the capital had not been plundered by the foreign troops. She decided to return as quickly as possible to superintend its removal before any

stealing by the eunuchs should occur. On the 20th of October, 1901, the long procession, composing the Imperial Court, started from the ancient capital. The return to Peking by rail was in striking contrast to the hurried flight in carts which entailed squalor and privations.

The Peace Protocol was signed. The great Li Hung Chang, who had, by his knowledge of foreign affairs and ability in negotiations, been of great service to the Empress, died before she arrived in Peking. The court travelled for the first time in its history by train. They had travelled in chairs and official carts to Cheng-ting-fu, and they enjoyed the luxuriously appointed drawing-room cars provided for their comfort. The Empress arrived at the station two hours before the train was due to start and personally supervised the loading of the court's vast quantity of baggage and effects, and gave the engineer-in-chief no rest until he had loaded carefully and sent off four freight trains of her stuff. She presented \$5,000 for distribution among the European and Chinese employees of the railroad line, and expressed great satisfaction with her first journey by rail.

On the way the high Chinese officials who travelled in the first-class carriage between the Emperor's special car and that of the Empress, felt crowded and secured an extra car from the railway officials, but Her Majesty was not pleased

and ordered it removed, so Yuan Shih K'ai and his fat colleagues had to squeeze back into their same old car again.

Space forbids details of the court's return and the subsequent ruling of the Empress Dowager. The Emperor continued a prisoner in his palace and appeared to those who saw him as a drugged man, wearing a look of deep despair. The Empress Dowager appointed Prince Ch'un as Regent and P'u Yi, his son, as Emperor of China. He is known as "His Majesty Hsuan Tung."

Emperor Kwang Hsu, although very ill, was still conscious when Prince Ching told him of these appointments, and said: "Would it not have been better to appoint an adult? No doubt, however, the Empress Dowager knows best." The infant King was brought into the palace two hours later and shown to the Emperor and Empress Dowager. The next day Kwang Hsu wrote the following dying statement: "We were the second son of Prince Ch'un when the Empress Dowager selected us for the Throne. She has always hated us, but for our misery of the past ten years, Yuan Shih K'ai is responsible (and one other). When the time comes I desire that Yuan be summarily beheaded."

All readers of Chinese history are aware of the circumstances referred to in the dying King's statement. Influenced by the unprincipled official, K'ang Yu Wei, the Emperor was persuaded

that the Empress Dowager was the chief obstacle to China's reform, her influence being really the prime factor in the country's corruption and lethargy. "Why should she be permitted to waste millions of Government funds yearly in the keeping up of extravagance at the Summer Palace, etc." He advised the Emperor to surround her residence, seize her person, and confine her for the rest of her days on a certain small island in the Palace lake. Then he should issue a decree, telling of her misdeeds, and declaring his intention of assuming supreme rule, without permitting her any part in the Government. The Emperor, led into this scheme of K'ang Yu Wei's, knew that to insure success he must dispose of Jung Lu, who had command of the troops in Chihli and who would never consent to helping the cause against the Empress Dowager.

Then he sent for Yuan Shih K'ai, who discussed reform matters with him, and the Emperor was convinced of his loyal support. His Majesty, seated for the last time on the great lacquered Dragon Throne, and in the light of the early morning, taking every precaution that the conversation be not overheard, told Yuan Shih K'ai the details of the commission with which he had decided to entrust him. He was to go to Tientsin, put Jung Lu to death, and then return at once to Peking with the troops under his

command to seize and imprison the Empress Dowager.

Yuan went to Tientsin, and instead of killing Jung Lu, betrayed to him the whole plot and brought on the Emperor's misery. The Empress Dowager, informed by Jung Lu, wrested the reins of government from the Emperor and made him a prisoner. She advanced Yuan Shih K'ai from being Governor of Shantung to Viceroy of Chihli and from one high office to another until he became Grand Councillor to the Throne.

The secrets of the Manchu Palaces will never be fully known, but the Emperor Kwang Hsu died a few hours after writing his last will as given above, and the Empress Dowager expired two days later, after ordering the proclamation of the new Emperor, and writing her own valedictory decree.

The Prince Regent entirely failed to satisfy the Chinese people, and it is said commonly now of him, in their concise way of judging character:

“Great affair—great blunder.
Small affair—small blunder.
No affair—no blunder.”

No matter what he did, it was always wrong, they thought.

The baby King was homesick, at first, and

dressed in his little yellow silk robes of state, cried for his mother, and for "Mao! Mao!" Supposing he wanted a cat (one meaning of the word "mao"), the country was searched for a suitable cat to please the "Son of Heaven," but no, that was not what he wanted. At last a certain playmate named "Mao" was brought, and then the King was all smiles, for oh, that was what he wanted! The child Mao, being only of the common herd, however, it was necessary to give his father a title to elevate him to a rank worthy of being companion to the Imperial infant.

However, the country became more and more unsettled, and even while Yuan Shih K'ai was high in power with the Manchus, the great diplomat was in secret communication with the Revolutionaries. The Prince Regent, loyal to the Emperor's request, had sent away Yuan Shih K'ai, not daring to behead him because of Yuan's great popularity; but when affairs grew so serious, Yuan was urged to return to Peking, as he was the only man judged capable of controlling affairs; and under his masterly management, while the royal family was protected, the way was gradually opened for the establishment of the new "Chinese Republic," and by the wise consent of all concerned, he became the first President under the new régime.

As a proof that the Chinese were preparing

long ago for this Revolution, Rev. McOwan, of the Anglican Mission, says he had an interview with Dr. Sun Yat Sen five years ago in Japan. Dr. Sun was there, as a price was upon his head in China (50,000 taels). He unfolded a map and showed the missionary all the plans then made for carrying on the Revolution, and said: "Five years from now there will be something doing in China. You will see!" Sure enough, those very plans, with very few changes, were carried out in the Revolution.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen (or "Sun Wen," as the Chinese like to call him) was born of humble parents in Canton. He spent part of his youth in Honolulu, but returned to Canton, and became a convert and worker in the London Missionary Society, with Dr. and Mrs. Cantlie as his best friends. He had attended an Episcopal school in Honolulu, but completed his education in Hong Kong and Canton mission schools, and studied medicine under Dr. Cantlie and also under Dr. J. G. Kerr, of the Presbyterian Mission. He became a Christian and was baptized and received into the church by Dr. C. R. Hager. When he was discovered as identified with the Revolutionary movement, he fled, and was an exile with a price upon his head. He occupied his time influencing the Chinese people (whom he saw in the ports of Asia outside of China), exhorting them individually, and in crowded



DR. SUN YAT SEN
CHINESE PATRIOT

houses, to be patriotic, and collected large sums of money from them, as well as obtaining loans from foreign capitalists to help the revolutionary movement, and was in constant touch with the leaders in China by correspondence.

During the writing of this story of the Revolution, it was my privilege to meet Mrs. Saunders, a beautiful white-haired English missionary, mother of the two young sister martyrs at Kucheng in 1895, Eleanor and Elizabeth, or, as she lovingly called them, "Nellie" and "Topsy." I told her I remembered very well about her sorrow, and also how she had disposed of her property and settled her affairs in Australia, and sailed for China, and how a Chinese teacher, struck with her beautiful Christian spirit, begged the privilege of teaching the Chinese language to this mother who had come to his country where her two daughters had been sacrificed, to teach the Chinese women as they had done.

The missionary houses in the hills were suddenly surrounded by a band of ruffians, and eleven foreign missionaries, including Mrs. Saunders' two daughters, were murdered. The little Stewart children were out gathering flowers in the woods to decorate the table for their baby brother's birthday, and so escaped, but "Baby Herbert" became a martyr and celebrated his birthday in Heaven, where flowers never fade. Two years later, Mrs. Saunders

sailed for China, and although far advanced in life, she obtained a sufficient knowledge of the language to take a part in the work among the Chinese women, and when a number of Manchu women, during the Revolution, fled to the foreign missionaries in terror of their lives, Mrs. Saunders, with others, gave them refuge.

These Manchu women, who had always been accustomed to a life of ease and luxury, served by the Chinese peasant women, suddenly found themselves helpless; and, under the protection of the missionaries, have been obliged to work for their living.

Mrs. Saunders said: "We will give you the rooms to live in, but we cannot give you money or food."

Then she got them in the way of weaving cloth, which they can do most beautifully and are able to support themselves. When I arrived in Shanghai, Mrs. Saunders was also there for the purpose of procuring more looms and thread for these Manchu refugees.

At the Missionary Home where we met, she told me the story of Dr. Sun Yat Sen. Said she:

"Dr. Sun is the purest patriot in history. He put aside all personal ambition and self-interests for the good of his country."

She told me how Sun Wen lived in London with Dr. Cantlie, and one Sabbath morning he

started for church a little early, with his prayer-book in his hand, when he wandered into a street near the Chinese Legation. Two of his countrymen met him and began a friendly conversation and invited him to take a rest in their quarters as it was still early for service, and he willingly accepted. These men were spies, and thus inveigled Sun into the Chinese Legation, where they immediately closed and barred the door, and told Sun that he was under arrest and that he would be secretly taken out of London and back to China. He was confined in an upper room until arrangements could be made for the official kidnapping. Looking out the high window, he could see below and he tried to get word to his friends by dropping down messages, weighted with coins, but his little notes were captured and destroyed, and his window nailed up. He tried to persuade the old man who carried up coals to take a note from him to Dr. Cantlie, but was always refused.

Then he prayed and received deliverance. On Friday, October 16th, his despair was complete, and he said: "Only by prayer to God could I gain any comfort, but I shall never forget the feeling of calmness, hopefulness and confidence that assured me my prayer was heard, and it filled me with hope that all would yet be well."

Rising from his knees, the old man entered the room, and said he would take his note to Dr.

Cantlie, which he concealed in the dust of the coal scuttle. Although late at night, Dr. Cantlie very soon roused Lord Salisbury with the startling news that Sun was a prisoner in the Chinese Legation and in danger of being deported to China to be decapitated. The Chinese Legation were at once accused of breaking English law and ordered to deliver up the prisoner Sun, which they did through the back door to save their "face."

When the Revolution broke out, Dr. Sun promptly returned to China, and was at once chosen their civil leader. He accepted the Presidency of the new Republic December 29th, 1911, but declared that he considered himself merely a Provisional President. When the Manchus abdicated, February 12th, and he was assured of the loyalty of Yuan Shih K'ai to the Republic, Sun resigned. It was a memorable meeting of the National Assembly at Nanking when his resignation was accepted and Yuan Shih K'ai elected as President of the United Republic, February 15th, 1912. The new president was formally inaugurated on March 10th with impressive ceremonies. His oath of office read as follows:

"Since the Republic has been established, many works have now to be performed. I shall endeavor faithfully to develop the Republic, to sweep away the disadvantages attached to abso-

lute monarchy, to observe the laws of the Constitution, to increase the welfare of the country, to cement together a strong nation which shall embrace all five races. When the National Assembly elects a permanent President, I shall retire. This I swear before the Chinese Republic."

Mr. E. J. Dingle, in his "China's Revolution," says: "Yuan's striking personality, his military genius, his character, the magnetic attraction he has for the foreigners around him, must have had much to do in shaping events. But how great a part he has played in the Revolution yet remains to be revealed concerning the greatest man perhaps in the Chinese Empire of to-day." Then hints that Admiral Sah in retiring downriver with his fleet, instead of annihilating the routed Republicans at Kilometre Ten, and other movements, were due to Yuan's orders.

"This Revolution has brought into being a new China, and no one who watches China to-day can fail to see in all parts of the Empire that are known to civilization much which forms a good augury in the Revolution, the genuineness of a common impulse, an impulse linked with a dogged persistence of effort to get out of the shallows of the past into the depths of the future, —a glimpse beyond the garden and cloister of Chinese antiquity into the wonderful golden age, if the Revolutionary party is blessed."

He also refers to Tuan Fang, the Tartar Gen-

eral, who as Governor of Shensi in July, 1900, issued proclamations to the province, in which he earnestly warned the people to abstain from acts of violence. These documents were undoubtedly the means of saving the lives of many missionaries and other foreigners isolated in the interior. One proclamation says:

“I have never for a moment doubted that you men of Shensi are brave and patriotic and that you would fight nobly for your country. I would have you observe, however, that our enemies are foreign troops who have invaded the metropolitan province, and not the foreign missionaries who reside in the interior. If the Throne orders you to take up arms in the defence of your country, then I, as Governor of this province, will surely share in that glory. But if on your own account you set forth to slay a handful of harmless and defenceless missionaries, you will undoubtedly be actuated by the desire for plunder, there will be nothing noble in your deed, and your neighbours will despise you as surely as the law will punish you.”

Tuan Fang, the foreigners' friend, was decapitated during the Revolution, it is said, by his own men in Sze-Chuen.

“With the putting down of the Boxer movement and the generous treatment meted out to China by the foreign Powers came the consciousness of her real needs. From

this time China put her youth to school with the 'foreigner.' Students went abroad by thousands, and from the contact with the outside world and a comparative study of empires came the awakened and trained mind. It is justly charged that schools and colleges have created in the Chinese mind a desire to do away with make-believe and insincerity. Well-wishers of China will welcome every honest attempt to help the student-life, and lead them to follow out in life the policy dictated to them by the manifold call of duty of their enlightened conscience. China will welcome the efforts of the Occident to lead her into the ways of higher education. Statesmen-missionaries have always advocated education as the surest means of reaching the heart of the nation; for the other classes look to the student class for guidance, and if one can win the heart of the student, the ear of the people is gained also. China needs her great force of students, needs men of initiative, men who can lead, men who have gained from education a broader outlook." To supply this need we have our Shantung Christian University at Wei Hsein and many other Christian colleges and schools all over China.

HISTORICAL VERSES REVOLUTIONARY

By Burgoyne in *Pittsburg Chronicle*

“Now what do you think
Of the wide-awake Chink,
Who is putting the Sovereign
Power on the blink?

From his very long nap
This remarkable chap
Woke up lately and girded
His loins for a scrap.

So he cut off his queue
And with no more ado
He proceeded to hammer
The ruling Manchu.

For the Manchu, you see,
Though on top of the tree
Is by no means a
Really and truly Chinee.

And for many a day
His tyrannical sway
Has oppressed the true Chinks
In a ruinous way.

And till now we've not heard
That it ever occurred
To the victims to kick
Which was very absurd.

Hence to see them get wise
And like Trojans arise
And strike hard for their rights
Is a pleasant surprise.

And more wonderful yet
Is their purpose to get
A republic like ours
When the throne they upset.

And they'll do it, no doubt,
Since their warriors stout
Rarely fail to put royalty's
Forces to rout.

Scarce a day passes by
But they made the fur fly
In some town with a name
Like a canine Ki-yi.

Hence the Manchus hard hit
Took a penitent fit
And they offer on any
Old terms to submit.

But in vain is their plea
Since the Heathen Chineese
Has his eyes open now
And knows how to be free.

And the climax to cap
We shall soon see, mayhap,
The Republic of China
Appear on the map.

A SOLILOQUY BY THE BABY EMPEROR

(Apropos of Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22, 1912)

Tune: "When the Flag is full of Stars."

—VANDYKE.

"'Tis fine to rule a monarchy, and do
Just as you please,
No matter if you stretch a point,
To get your annual squeeze.

So China with us Manchus,
Used to have a humble share,
But now they think they've had
Enough of our paternal care.

REFRAIN:

So it's back again, Oh! back again
To Ewo Park for me.
I'll only need four million taels
To buy my toys and tea.
You may talk about George Washington
And his land beneath the stars,
But I'd rather be in China,
Though the flag is full of bars.

Then soon the bombs and shells began
To fly as thick as hail;
My yellow dragon got so scared
He couldn't wag his tail.
I wrote a solemn edict out
And prayed for pardon kind,
But though I wept and said 'Be good,'
They simply would not mind.

A 'Father of his country'
 You may choose for Uncle Sam,
 But don't forget my title, for
 A 'Wan Sui Yeh' I am (Ancient Father).
 My people want a substitute,
 Their claims I'll not deny,
 But give them now a President
 Like staunch Yuan Shih K'ai.

So now I'll have a holiday,
 With nothing else to pan (manage),
 But romp about from noon till night
 And grow to be a man.
 But I don't want a hatchet sharp
 To hack a cherry tree,
 To burn incense for ancient Kings
 Is fun enough for me.

REFRAIN for last verse.

So, I'm back again,
 Oh, back again
 In Ewo Park to play,
 My summer Palace all fixed up
 Will last for many a day.
 You may talk about George Washington
 And his land beneath the stars,
 But I'm glad to be in China,
 Where the flag is full of bars."

CHAPTER XXI

HOW THE REVOLUTION AFFECTED MISSIONS IN SHANTUNG

THE American Minister at Peking sent through the various consuls a circular to Americans living in the interior, stating that "while both parties in the Revolution are friendly to foreigners, the troubles may lead to the stirring up of the lawless elements who could not be controlled." He therefore urged all Americans to go to the coast, especially women and children.

We, at Wei Hsien, felt, however, that as we are situated near the German railroad, and everything was peaceful apparently in Shantung, and that it would make the Chinese who are friendly unnecessarily suspicious of foreigners if we should all leave; it would expose a valuable mission plant to looting and probably destruction, and stir up a lawless element to make trouble where none existed. We had about 450 students on the place whose homes are widely scattered in the country round about, and we could easily get warning of any trouble brewing against us. So all our school work went on as usual, except



SWEET GIRL GRADUATES, HIGH SCHOOL, WEI HSIEN, CHINA

in the Girls' School, where it was thought best not to have a spring term, but let the girls remain in their village homes. So there was no graduating class in 1912, which caused a shortage in supply of teachers for our Wei Hsien country girls' schools, as well as for the schools in other places in Shantung and other provinces. But the Wei Hsien girls' school was opened as usual in the fall, and all the country girls' and boys' schools flourishing. The people show a growing interest in their girls, spending more for their education, and even the heathen are opening schools for girls, one being established in An K'u City for the education of girls in that country.

Despite the unsettled times, the Boys' Academy was kept open, and twenty-one boys graduated, passed the Shantung College entrance examinations, and entered the Arts College at the New Year. President Paul D. Bergen says that at the outbreak of the Revolution the work of the college was somewhat disturbed, but continued without interruption. Many of the students became uneasy when rumours became alarming, feeling, as they said, that it was not right for them to sit quietly at their books when their comrades were dying in the cause of freedom; accordingly, all who wished to do so were given permission to return home. Nearly a hundred took advantage of this, and not a few of

them enlisted as soldiers in the Revolutionary army or devoted their energies to some other work in connection with the cause of their country.

It was touching to watch the patriotic tide rising in these young hearts, even though it sometimes found an excessive expression, and in one or two instances led to regrettable collisions. The graduating class numbered thirty-two, the largest in the history of the college. As in former years, all were Christians, and are now engaged in Christian work. Six are devoting themselves to the work of the ministry and are now studying in the Union Theological Seminary at Ch'ing Chowfu, under charge of our Presbyterian ministers; Rev. W. M. Hayes, D.D., and Rev. Wm. P. Chalfant, D.D., with Revs. Bruce, Burt, Nichols and Fisk representing the English Baptist part of the Union work.

The Shantung Christian University embraces the Arts College at Wei Hsien, the Union Theological Seminary at Ch'ing Chowfu, and the Union Medical College at Chinaufu. The graduates from these three institutions are to be found doing splendid work and are in great demand all over China in every province.

When the Revolution broke out, as Rev. Timothy Richard of the Shanghai Christian Literary Society expressed it: "To upset a Government that had lasted 250 years, it was necessary to

strike terror somewhere. This the Revolutionists did by asking the officials to submit to the Revolution or be bombed. This avoided the wholesale cruelty of general looting, burning, and massacres so common in great wars and revolutions. This Revolution was a marvelously bloodless one.

“No foreigners were touched by Revolutionaries. No Chinese who submitted were molested. Even the Manchus, whose Government was upset, were well treated in most cases.”

The Revolutionaries sent a deputation to Tsinanfu, who suddenly entered the presence of His Excellency Governor Sun Pao Ch'i, and informed him that if he would become a Revolutionary and be “president of Shantung,” he would be spared, but if he refused to leave the Imperialists and become a Republican, he would be a dead man before the next morning. Without further details of facts, Governor Sun decided to keep his head on his shoulders, declared his intention of being a Republican, and at their meeting on November 13 consented to become “President of the independent State of Shantung.”

He had to submit to the indignity of an advisory council, who seized the Treasury and diverted the taxes from the Manchu Government to the use of their own province in the support of its new dignity. However, this mad action

speedily subsided, and Governor Sun, after a decent interval, made his peace with the authorities at Peking, was allowed to retain office, with exhortation to do better in future. He, however, felt he had "lost face," and soon after retired from office.

For a time he was a guest at our Union Medical College in Tsinanfu. A telegram had been received December 4th, stating that 2,000 Revolutionary soldiers had seized the rolling stock of the Tientsin-Pukow Railroad at Han-Chwang on the border of Kiangnan and Shantung, and were on their way to Tsinanfu. Governor Sun sent a letter to Dr. J. B. Neal, of the Presbyterian Mission, asking if he would prepare a room in the hospital for him, as he wanted to come in for treatment. A second letter, December 5th, stated that he had been hindered by public business, but on December 6th the Governor arrived and became a guest at the hospital. He remarked on arrival that it was "very amusing to look at a play, but not so amusing to be one of the actors." Of course, the Rebels hated Governor Sun for playing them false and learning all their secrets while professing to be one of them. On the other hand, after he had telegraphed the Throne at Peking that he had only turned Rebel because he was forced to and to save the province from anarchy, and now that the province was safely steered back under Imperial rule, he wished to be



THE GRADUATING CLASS OF SHANTUNG UNIVERSITY, WEI HSIEN, CHINA

punished and deprived of office, the Throne, instead praised him for his diplomacy and retained him in office. Rev. J. S. Whitewright, of Tsinanfu, wrote, December 6th, to Wei Hsien as follows: "The confirmation of the news of the fall of Nanking has caused a good deal of uneasiness among the acting officials. But in spite of bad roads, and the fact that the colleges have been dismissed, we still have visitors at the museum. Yesterday there were over 500. The reading-room is especially well used at this time. Owing to prompt and careful measures taken by the authorities in Tsinanfu, the provincial capital and other important cities were free from any serious disturbance, although robbers and violence have been very common in many parts of the province."

The past year records a variety of experiences in my itinerating and Bible class work in the country around Wei Hsien, owing to the disturbed conditions in China. I had to plan to work in places where it was possible to hold Bible classes in peace. Also the rains were so heavy that the roads were in a terrible condition, and a number of our chapels in the out-stations were damaged and roofs fallen in. Also, the Christians suffered considerably from their little homes tumbling in. But they showed great patience and have done very little begging for help. At one place I saw a house so badly damaged

that I asked an old woman outside whose it was. She replied quietly: "It is ours."

She did not beg, but took me into see the wreck when asked to do so. It was pitiful to see their poor little dirty pillow on the ground under the piece of roof left at the end,—barely room for the old couple to lie down, and yet they had spent the winter in this cold, wretched, exposed place.

In December I started for a village far out from Wei Hsien, where I had arranged to teach a Bible class. I planned to stop at Ch'ang Loa City on the way, stay over Sabbath there, and finish the journey on Monday. But on Sabbath afternoon, at the close of our services, while the Christians were quietly walking with me to my stopping place for the night, a scoundrel reviled us on the street, and it became very much stirred up. The elder of the church there was arrested and taken by ten soldiers to the yamen. The people that collected soon after went away for their evening meal, and I left in the dusk on the evening train for Wei Hsien.

Next morning Dr. Frank Chalfant took the early train for Ch'ang Loa City, and with his evangelist visited the officials, and with difficulty secured the release of the unfortunate elder. I then went to my class in the village, where I had arranged to hold my Bible class, and received a cordial welcome.

Away across the fields the children saw my barrow approaching, and shouting joyfully, "Miss Hawes has come!" they came tearing to meet me and covered my hands with their little hands, and out from the little homes came their big sisters and mothers, and all went with me to the chapel, where we had a very happy time together, and for two weeks a very earnest class, the time spent in profitable study of the Bible, and at the close, twelve Christians went out to preach in heathen villages, all having voluntarily promised the time at our closing meeting.

In February I went to another remote village through a landscape of very soft real estate, the barrow finally sinking gently in the mud, while the ancient animal refused to pull another step. We succeeded in hiring a splendid big horse at a nearby village, which pulled us with a mighty jerk out of the mud, and took us over the remaining ten li to our destination at nightfall. The Christians welcomed us and came daily to study. One of the women was so anxious to keep on studying and teach the other women in her village, thirteen li distant, that she sent for her husband, who came with his big cart, drawn by four mules and a horse, to take us all to their village. The roads were so bad, the five strong animals fairly wallowed in the mud, so that twice we had to get off the cart to lighten the load. But we were well repaid for this trip, for

the large room borrowed for our class was crowded daily with earnest women studying the gospel.

Returning from this place by barrow to the train, a day's journey off, I was surprised to find the cars filled with foreigners and Chinese fleeing to the coast for safety; and as we emerged from the Wei Hsien station we had to pass through a double line of soldiers, who knocked the sacks of bedding off the shoulders of my teachers, and searched the contents for contraband gunpowder. It was funny to see the annoyed looks of my helpers as their baggage was thus rudely knocked down. However, as I appeared and said to the soldiers, "These are my things," they politely lifted the sacks of bedding up on the men's shoulders again and allowed us to go to the carts in peace. They said they had arrested thirty men that day who had concealed gunpowder in their sacks of bedding. We have sorrowed because of the Christians having to endure trials because of the lawless element connected with the war, but rejoice at the wonderful work of grace in their hearts which has kept them faithful and true to God. The work is very encouraging everywhere in spite of the still unsettled state of the country.

Elder Chang, helping in one of the Yihsien out-stations, says that in one place there was a theater going on, and for two days the people

left the theater to listen to the preaching of the gospel. He did not hear any reviling or disrespectful talk. A wealthy, educated man read a copy of the gospels which one of his fellow villagers brought home to him from the market where Elder Chang preached and sold books.

He read it with great interest, and the one sentence, "Love one another," stuck in his mind. He said: "There is nothing like that in our classics."

He went to find the elder who had sold the book and bought more books, and listened all morning to the preaching. At noon he followed the elder and his evangelist to the inn to hear more. They saw he was in earnest and spent their noon resting time in preaching and explaining the Scriptures to him. He was very much impressed by this, and said to the tired men: "This is love put into practice." He became a Christian, and about ten others of his village have become Christians, while about ten more are studying the gospel. He has a church and a Christian school in his house.

CHANGES IN OLD CUSTOMS

On January 1st, 1912, the Chinese officially changed their New Year from February 18th to January 1st, from the lunar to the solar year, to conform to the Christian way of reckoning.

The people celebrated the New Year on the date of February 18th on this year for the last time.

The queue has been worn in China since 1644. Today they have no queues in the coast cities, and they are dropping off in the interior gradually. The young men in the Shantung College have all disposed of their queues, and at first their hair looked somewhat like feather-dusters in style, but they have now learned how to cut their hair, so they present a very neat appearance. This is due largely to our professor, Ralph C. Wells, Superintendent of the Boys' Academy, who cut Dr. Mateer's hair in the presence of a gathering of students in the school yard as an object lesson. The older men, especially the heathen class in the interior villages, where superstition and ignorance still rule, are not willing to part with their queue. They don't want to die without their queue and risk having trouble in the spirit world. At one place, sixty li from Wei Hsien, some young Republicans began cutting off the villagers' queues without their consent, and unwisely dealt with an official who resented losing his queue, and during the fight which ensued, twenty-eight Republicans were killed. Then the city official came out from Wei Hsien disguised as a farmer and settled the trouble in a Chinese way. By offering four strings of cash to every man who had done the killing and two strings of cash to any who had

helped, he lured them all into a hall to get their rewards, and then closing the door, had them all shot down. It is estimated that sixty-four men lost their lives over queue cutting, counting both sides. In this, of course, no Christians were concerned.

The government officials used to have high-sounding names and titles. Today they are simply "Mister." Twenty years ago missionaries scarcely dared go near the heathen temples. Now they can go and take kodak pictures of them and the idols inside. In some of the temples idols were worshipped for centuries, some even from before the Christian era. Now many have been raided, the idols broken and cast out, and nothing said by the onlookers.

There is a society called the "T'ung Ming Hui," of which Sun Yat Sen is a member, and also all leading Republicans all over China. It means "Enlightenment Society," and its object is to educate the Chinese to a thorough understanding of what a Republican government means. It encourages reform and education in every form, and discourages all ignorance and superstition. It meets *every day* and the meetings are attended by hundreds of men, most of them of the influential class. At Wei Hsien City, our Shantung College professors have lectured very frequently at these meetings, having urgent invitations to do so, and they are always

told that they may present the cause of Christianity at the close of their lectures. This is one of the great open doors for Christianity.

Then it is glorious to see the beautiful work of the Y. M. C. A. and the Student Volunteer movement growing so fast. Pastor Ting Li Mei, a graduate of our Christian College, and one who, during the Boxer war suffered for Christ in China, and has done such noble work as an evangelist, is the first travelling secretary of the Volunteer Movement. He has visited most of the Christian colleges of China. Christian students in large numbers have been influenced by him under God to volunteer for the ministry, while many others are led into the Christian life.

Mr. Fei Chi Pao, of the Y. M. C. A. at Peking, visited Wei Hsien recently to assist in a Y. M. C. A. convention in our compound, and in an interview the author learned his interesting story. Mr. Fei and his classmate, Mr. Kung, graduates of the Tungchow Congregational College, went to America in 1901. Owing to their passports having been signed by Li Hung Chang, instead of the Viceroy (as required by law), they were kept at the San Francisco detention station with about 200 Chinese, and then later on in another place until their passports could be fixed up right, so that these "Two Heroes of Cathay" were six months in getting to Oberlin

University, where they took the course and then afterwards graduated at Yale. They returned to China and are engaged in Christian work. Mr. Fei was principal of the provincial college in Paotingfu for three years and was one of Dr. Sun's cabinet, but is now connected with the Y. M. C. A. work in Peking, which is supported by the Princeton University, and directed by Princeton graduates, Mr. Robert Gailey, Mr. Dwight Edwards, Mr. Munson and others. Mr. Fei said that he was so long getting to Oberlin from San Francisco that when he arrived, and was told he should enter the Sophomore class, his heart sank within him and he wrote to a friend:

"I had such a hard time getting here, and now I am to enter the 'Suffer more' class. I don't know what is in store for me, but I hope it will be all right."

One of his classmates was a Greek named "Papodopylus," and Mr. Fei got his name wrong and called him "Mr. Hippopotamus."

On April 25th, 1912, the foundation stone of the new building of the Young Men's Christian Association in Peking was laid. Mr. John Wanamaker, of Philadelphia, gave the money for the building. \$40,000 covered the cost of building, and the equipment with electric light, heating, etc., cost about \$30,000 more. The wealthy Chinese are giving large sums of money to sup-

port the Y. M. C. A. work. They realize the great value of this uplifting influence. Chinese boys of 12 to 16 years of age and upwards may go and enjoy the educational classes, the reading-rooms, the swimming-pools and shower baths, the game rooms, the gymnasium, the lectures and services in the spacious Auditorium, and on summer evenings the Roof Garden.

In Tientsin, where the International Y. M. C. A. erected the building and provided foreign teachers, the native Chinese contribute \$20,000 a year for the work. Mr. O Yang Tai, a Chinese official, two years ago gave \$20,000 from his own private purse towards the purchase of the land, valued at \$40,000.

When asked about the present situation of the new Republic of China, Mr. Fei said: "I think China is having a very critical time. The people are afraid to give because they have not full confidence in the Republic. There are many rich men who could give, but they fear the Republic will not stand. Some would like a constitutional monarchy. Not Manchu, oh! no, never," said Mr. Fei. "They would have it pure Chinese. They like Yuan Shih K'ai because he is Chinese. They think Dr. Sun has been away so much that he is more like a foreigner, but Dr. Sun shows a fine Christian spirit, and many would like him for President." When asked what he thought of Dr. Sun going to the Ming

tomb and announcing to the dead Emperor: "China is a Republic!" he said: "Well, there are two sides to that. He wanted to show his respect to the Ming Emperor because he was a pure Chinese ruler, not a Manchu. The dirt covering his tomb was carried from the eighteen different provinces and he revered the Ming Emperor as the Chinese people all do."

We trust the Christian people in America and other Christian countries will earnestly pray for Dr. Sun and President Yuan Shih K'ai, who are not perfect men by any means, but we should pray that they may utterly renounce the sins of idolatry, and honor God, the King of Kings, before this great nation, and that they may be able to stand the gaze and criticism of the world as they try to rule this great new Republic and endeavor to steer it through the sea of troubles to a peaceful, happy, solid existence. Above all, let us pray that the Chinese people may turn from the gods that have no power to save their precious souls, and believe in the one true and living God while He yet shows them mercy. It seems to me that God is holding China in the balance, waiting for her decision to the momentous question: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!" Oh! that this great country, upheld by the prayers and help of God's people, may put away the strange gods and say: "We will serve the Lord!"

CHAPTER XXII

THE CHINESE REVOLUTION—THE MOST WONDERFUL IN HISTORY

THOSE who read this book are already aware of the principal leading events in the recent Revolution. It is not necessary in these days of progress to go over events which have been published and read daily in the home papers. But it is interesting and of the highest importance to watch these events and the outcome in China as they bear relation to the one important matter—the triumph of God's church, His truth over all this struggle. There are two classes now in China—optimists and pessimists, both among foreigners and Chinese—and I find many opinions expressed about the Republic as to its success. There are those who think the Republic is bound to win, and others who even go so far as to suspect poor Yuan Shik K'ai of the intention of declaring himself Emperor, like Napoleon.

But let me state the opinion of Dr. George Fitch, of Shanghai, who has been the honored representative of our Presbyterian Church in China for 10, these many years, since 1870.



YUAN SHIH K'AI
PRESIDENT OF THE CHINESE REPUBLIC

While he says no one can tell to a certainty yet whether the Republic will endure, yet he hopes it will and he thinks President Yuan Shih K'ai has no such base intentions as of declaring himself Emperor; that he is exerting his best strength and energies for the sole good of China, and that he is not personally enjoying the position he occupies of being constantly surrounded in Peking by a heavy guard of soldiers as close as any prisoner while he performs the duties of his high office.

To show the reader a little of how the great President lives in Peking and the nervous state of things in that city last May, I venture to tell a little personal experience. Mrs. Robert Ma-teer and myself took a trip to Tientsin to have our teeth filled by an American dentist, and we saw block after block of burned buildings, the sad evidences of the late struggle for freedom. Then we decided to visit the great capital, and Mr. Grimes, our Bible Society representative, at whose house we were stopping in Tientsin, arranged for us to stay with the kind missionaries of the London Mission at Peking, who were willing to accommodate us for a few days in their home.

When we arrived and passed through the great Water Gate through which the famous "Allied" troops had rushed in Boxer days, we enjoyed our ride in the rubber-tired rikshas to the pleas-

ant and comfortable home of Rev. and Mrs. Howard Smith, of the London Mission. We found, to our surprise, that this house was just over the wall from the great Yuan Shih K'ai himself, for looking out of the upstairs' window, we could see the magnificent building of the Wai Wu Pu (Foreign Office), formerly known as the "Tsung li Yamen." At night it looked brilliant with electric lights all over the mansion and the grounds, the soldiers' barracks occupying the rear, just next the wall dividing them from the Smith yard in the London Mission. It poured rain all the next day and night after we arrived, but we managed to visit the wonderful Temple of Heaven, passing through the beautiful wooded grounds and eleven different gates in the sacred enclosure. We followed the old Chinese guide (and also the advice of Mr. Grimes, of Tientsin, who said to "pay your gate fees coming back"), and we certainly had a very wet walk of it, which we didn't enjoy perhaps as much as the drove of water buffaloes did that we saw in the grounds, belonging to the late Emperor and intended for sacred sacrifices.

We rested a little in one of the grand Imperial pavilions and sat in the exquisitely carved Imperial chair, where the late Emperor sat to drink his tea and keep his vigils. At every gate the keeper protested about unlocking the bolts to let us through, but assuring him we would

pay as we came out, he let us queer foreigners through, thinking, no doubt, that we would certainly fix it up well for him on returning. We had changed a dollar Mexican (50c gold) into copper cash, and on our way back gave each of the gate keepers two or three of those after they opened the gate for us to pass through. Of course, it didn't satisfy them, but you couldn't satisfy them anyway with more, so we had no trouble and got off very cheap, our dollar Mexican being sufficient for all the sights in the Temple of Heaven, and also the Buddhist Llama Temple, where the filthy priests beset you on every side, clamoring for money.

If anybody in America should become enamored of the Buddhist religion, just let them go to that Llama Temple in Peking and see those dirty, filthy, beggarly priests and that old battered can they call a "prayer wheel," and the hideous idols and gloomy temples that make you shudder to go into, and see those five hundred little Mongolians and Tibetan boys, in training for priests, who chant, and as they pass from one temple to another, stick out their tongues and revile the foreigners. Oh! the evil in those young eyes. It is the saddest of sights to see them so young and in the chains of Satan's slavery. One of the priests wanted us to let him burn incense for us before that gigantic Buddha, made of one piece of wood (they say) several

stories high. We told them, "No, we worship the true God," and when they kept urging us to buy little Buddhas which they pulled out of their filthy robes, we told them we "had no use for them," but we were very thankful when we got out of that place, I tell you. (We learned afterwards that an American had been locked up in one of those awful temples until he had given fifty dollars to the priests, and that it was not safe to go there alone.)

It is a truly splendid sight to view the great Temple of Heaven,—both the grand, open, circular-paved platform surrounded by steps where the Emperor yearly knelt to worship heaven, and offer sacrifices on the altar just below the steps in the grounds; and then see those splendid pillars in the temple with its enormous dome of blue, the pillars being of the costly teakwood brought floating by the sea from Siam and transported at the cost of untold money and lives; and there you see shameful desecration, for names of foreigners are scratched on the surface of those magnificent pillars! It makes me blush for our country, and feel charity for the hatred of the foreigner in Chinese hearts. When we returned we visited the Congregational mission and were refreshed with a cup of beef tea prepared for us by Miss May Corbett, who is teaching in the Girls' School, and was very glad to welcome us.

That night we were sleeping very soundly after our rainy trip, and our shoes, etc., drying by the range in the kitchen, when we were suddenly roused from our slumbers at midnight. Mrs. Smith appeared in our doorway with lighted candle and anxious face, saying:

“Don’t you hear the trouble? We must all go at once to Dr. Hill’s house at the gate of the compound, and wait for a guard to take us to the British Legation!”

“My gracious!” I exclaimed, “is there really trouble?”

“Yes,” she said; “don’t you hear the soldiers yelling?”

Sure enough, we did hear the soldiers yelling, and soon they were firing shots. Mrs. Smith said:

“There is the shooting! Get dressed, chop-chop (quickly), Joyce,” to her little girl in the next room.

Dear me, how we did scramble to get dressed, and I called to Mr. Smith: “If you go to the kitchen to get your shoes, would you mind bringing up ours, too?” But, oh, no, there was no thought of shoes, and the Smith family swiftly passed down the stairs in their slippers, carrying the children (who were so good and didn’t cry out) into the darkness and floods of rain.

“Now, we are in another scrape! Whatever possessed us to come here, anyhow?” were my

remarks to Mrs. Mateer as we got our belongings together, and I grabbed my precious kodak and blundered through the dark after the rest into deep pools of water, soaking my feet; but we finally reached the residence by the gate, and Mr. Smith with Dr. Woodson, armed with a gun, went to the Wai Wu Pu to inquire what was the real trouble.

After they left, one of the English missionaries said: "If Yuan Shih K'ai dies to-night, China is lost." But soon the gentlemen returned, saying that the rain had soaked through the roof and flimsy walls of the barracks and tumbled in on the sleeping soldiers, and that was the crash which had wakened the Smith family, whose room faced that direction. So learning that all but two of the soldiers were pulled out unhurt, and those two not seriously injured, and there being no real trouble, we all returned and finished out our dreams in peace. Next morning the sun shone out innocently and we were able to go to visit the Great Wall, and "Bing toombs," as our colds caused us to pronounce the "Ming Tombs."

The Peking missionaries at that time were all in the nervous state of not knowing what might happen in the next twenty-four hours and showed the strain of living in that uncertainty. Sand bags were lying about which had been used a few weeks before and might be called into use

again. I quote a letter written by Miss Corbett, which is interesting not only to her own father (Dr. Hunter Corbett, of Chefoo), but to all who have read of China's recent events.

“Peking, March 5th, 1912.

“My dear Friends,

“The past few days have been so full of danger and responsibility, that it has been impossible to write any earlier account of the stirring events through which we have so recently passed.

“Thursday morning, Feb. 29, after a fortnight's New Year vacation, we opened our school, and the day was spent in an earnest effort to settle into routine work as speedily as possible. At the close of the afternoon session, Mrs. Calhoun called for me, and together we made calls on two princesses. Our first call was charming, when the prince joined us and His Highness vied with Mrs. Calhoun in taking pictures of us all. The second call, however, was a gloomy one, indeed. The princess received us with a warm welcome, but instantly began to talk of China's desperate condition, and the certain disturbance before us. We tried our best to assure Her Highness that there was still a future bright and prosperous before China, and the whole world marvelled at the bloodless revolution, and the great President who had brought about such a peaceful solution of affairs politic. Her Highness refused to be comforted and said that her nation had not yet recovered from the shame of 1900, only to be plunged into the deeper disgrace of the present

hour. We could not account for her mood, and yet, just one hour later, the riot started outside the Ch'i Hua Men which was to continue until this whole great city was involved.

"At 7 o'clock I led a song service for the girls, and at its close at 7:30, we heard from all sides the sharp report of firing, but as we were so near the great Lantern Festival, we all thought that a few ardent spirits had started their celebration of firecrackers earlier than their wont. The noise continued so insistent that several of us sought our college tower, and from this splendid vantage point saw several large fires but newly started. The moon was nearly full. As the night wore on, we saw as many as fifty fires on three sides of us, and, as we watched them growing nearer, a considerable breeze blowing and the sparks flying from all sides, it seemed very probable our compound was doomed.

"Our eighty girls were wonderful in their composure and bravery, and flew to fill every bucket and tub on the place with water. We tried to keep them together in the large lower hall, so that they might not see how near we were to danger, for the heavens were one mass of luried flames, a sight to strike terror to the heart of the bravest veteran.

"Miss Browne and I stayed with the girls in the hall from 8 to 11 P. M., trying every sane scheme possible to divert their minds, and finally about midnight we persuaded them to go to the dormitory and try to sleep. We then mounted the tower, where we stayed till after 4 A. M. and watched a never-to-be-forgotten sight.

"It had been previously arranged that, in

case of sudden danger, rockets should be sent off from our tower as a signal, asking for guards from the American Legation. The rockets were sent up at eleven, but, on account of the large fires all around, were not noticed at the Legation. Mr. Whallon, however, who was dining at the London Mission that evening, and, seeing our rockets, made straight for the Legation, to offer his services as pilot, and was hence the first to notify them of our danger.

“About midnight 20 marines reached us with orders to escort the women and children to the M. E. Mission. The poor kiddies were taken out of their warm beds, and Bettine, Borgen and Jimpse—only three years old, all walked the long mile to that compound. (Children of Rev. and Mrs. Stelle, Cong. missionaries.) Six of us ladies stayed behind with the girls, as it was thought most unwise to move them, with the streets thronged with looting soldiers.

“Mr. Stelle, our senior missionary, had been in bed for five weeks, with neuritis, unable to take a step, but he insisted on remaining with us, although Mrs. Stelle and the three children obeyed orders.

“Seven of the Lockart Medical Faculty had gone out to the Western Hills for a brief rest before opening school, so our Dr. Young was away and our gentlemen numbered but four, counting in two of our Shansi missionaries.

“Leaving us a corporal and 6 marines, the rest of the guard escorted the fifteen women and children down to the Methodist Compound. On all sides they saw the systematic looting, as bands of 20 soldiers and two small officers halted before every sizable shop on the Hataman and,

at a given order, hurled themselves against the door, which of necessity gave way, and then proceeded to take everything of value, always securing the money-tills and breaking open the safes.

“From our vantage point on the tower, we could hear the hurried tramp of feet as they steadily came up Teng Shih K’ou, the street we live on. Shop after shop was reached, then came the frantic kicks, the breaking in of the doors, a few shots into the air, and on to the street.

“Our street chapel was approached, and a soldier seized the chapel-keeper’s wrist with the demand of ‘money,’ but the keeper said: ‘This is a Gospel Hall,’ and the soldiers, looking up at the sign overhead, said: ‘You are right; we want nothing of you here,’ and the band moved on. The cigarette shop directly to the left of our front gate was looted of 3,000 taels, and then the soldiers crossed to Te Chang’s, the large foreign store and restaurant, and the best curio shop in the city, where gifts suitable for the Emperor and Empress were to be had.

“The first intent was to consign it to the flames, and, as our American guard arrived, they said they saw the soldiers with torches just ready to start the fire. A wiser counsel prevailed, however, for these looting soldiers said that if Te Chang’s were set on fire, our American Board Compound would be doomed indeed, for our buildings must need perish, too. Hence it was decided to loot the premises of everything, and early next morning we looked on the wreckage of this great and valuable stock; the looters having made off with 200,000 taels’ worth of foreign stones and rarest of curios.

As we listened from the house-top, we heard the continual crashing of glass, and saw the looters, lantern in hand, hastening all over the large building, that not a corner might be missed.

“The alley directly back of our girls’ school was filled with bands of looters all night long, and, of course, in the wake of the looting soldiers came scores of beggars and unprincipled men, who took all the soldiers left.

“You will doubtless remember the Tung An Shih Chang, the large daily fair just below us. Every single building was burned to the ground, and the area covered made a tremendous blaze. On the north the flames came nearest to us, there being a large coffin shop on one street corner, the great heavy coffins producing a very lurid pyre.

“Shortly after 4 A. M. we came down from the tower, and, lying down just as we were, secured about two hours’ rest before breakfast. A number of us then started to see the ruins on our street; and in Te Chang’s store, all that was left in the foreign part was one broken mustard pot and a few glass chandeliers, too heavy to move. The whole firm had rushed for our compound during the night, and had slept in our kitchen, and, as they told us that their nearness to us had alone saved their store from flames, their gratitude was very real.

“Early in the morning H. E. Hu Wei Te, the president of the Wai Wu Pu, and his wife, who live just west of us, had crawled out on to some roofs and down a ladder into our school court, and spent the night in our guest room. Forty members of Tuan Fang’s younger

brother's family, who live just back of us, in their terror had deliberately torn a hole in our back wall and piled in head first, and were overjoyed to be huddled together in one room of our Bible School for the night.

"All day Friday frightened women and children, each with her tale of terror, came pouring into our compound. On the streets martial law prevailed, and the soldiers and police had orders to execute immediately anyone caught looting, and the servants would rush in, telling of an execution just above or below us, or the executioner with his gruesome tools would pass by, while we waited and wondered what the night would bring forth. Several Y. M. C. A. men came up to help guard our premises, so, with our small guard of marines we numbered twelve men and six women. We prevailed upon Miss Miner and Mrs. Ament to go to bed, and Miss Vanderslice and I were on guard in the girls' court from 7 to 12 P. M., while Miss Browne and Miss Reed watched from midnight to four in the morning.

"At midnight Miss Vanderslice and I got together a hearty lunch for the twelve men, and again lying down in our clothes, secured about three hours' sleep.

"During the night we counted ten fires over in the West City, but were comparatively safe in our Tartar City.

"All day Saturday martial law again prevailed, and, after many conferences, it was decided that Miss Browne, Miss Vanderslice and I should take our ninety girls and move into the M. E. Mission Compound, while Miss Miner, Mrs. Ament and Miss Reed stayed by the stuff,

having charge of the many refugees in the court and neighborhood.

“The girls were ordered to put on as many clothes as possible, and carry with them their bedding, and one small ‘pao fu,’ or bundle. Such a sight as we made as we left the compound. The U. S. army wagon piled high with dozens of ‘pei wus’ (sacks of bedding), and on the top a gallant marine, who smiled frequently as he watched us march two by two along the dusty street. We were promised an escort of fifty men, but, as it was growing late, we decided not to wait, and fared forth with but a single stout corporal, Zacharias by name, to whom we had ministered at a midnight lunch, receiving his very warm thanks for our attention.

“We shall never cease to marvel at the spaciousness of the Methodist Episcopal Compound, and at their unparalleled hospitality. In their girls’ school premises were lodged five different schools; 150 of their own, 45 Anglicans, 27 London Mission, 6 Blind, and 90 of our Board, so that we were indeed an interdenominational throng.

“Sabbath night I led a song service, and never have I heard better and more musical singing than just these 300 girls praising God for the deliverance of the past nights.

“Saturday Mr. Calhoun wired for 200 marines to come up at once from Tientsin, and sent half a company to each of the four American Mission Compounds to stay until a settled government is an accomplished fact. To put up 57 men in comfortable quarters for an indefinite period has been no mean task, but fortunately

our parish house proved just the thing the doctor ordered. The upper room serves as dormitory and the lower as mess room and reading room, while Lieutenant Cowles boards with Mrs. Martin.

“Alas! for our central grass plot! the pride of our summer days! It now serves as a parade ground and the soldiers march hither and yon with never a thought of the hard-earned grass they so blithely crush to destruction.

“Two large tents stand at the lower end of our compound, the bugle rings out as insistently as our school bell, and how thankful we are both for our guards and for our school!

“Sabbath afternoon a parade of 800 men of every foreign guard in the city marched over a twelve-mile course, as it was thought the sight of such a substantial and well-equipped foreign force would be productive of many good results. The parade was repeated yesterday and a worthy sight it is.

“After the soldiers were fairly settled in their new quarters a guard came down after us, and we marched back in the same dignified fashion of two days before, though with a much cheerier tread. It seems wonderful that, after two such dreadful nights of Thursday and Friday, we could as peacefully take up our work again, open kindergarten and primary schools, and apparently be in real safety.

“The black, yawning spaces, where fire did her work, will long mar our great city; but we are thankful that only one large gate into the Imperial City perished; for that night in the

tower one wondered again and again if all Peking's beautiful landmarks must go.

"We all echo the text of Dr. Hobart's sermon on Sabbath—'God is Love.'

May N. Corbett.'

CHAPTER XXIII

THE REVOLUTIONARY OUTBREAK IN SI-AN-FU

REV. E. J. ELLISON, of the English Baptist Mission, came to Wei Hsien from Si-an-fu, Shensi, and told his story of robbery and peril.

On October 22nd, the morning of the eclipse, the trouble broke out and battle raged for five days. The Manchu city formed a separate part of the northeast section of the city. The English Baptist Mission is in the east suburb, the Swedish in the south suburb. The dispensary in the city proper. The opium patients were treated in the east suburb by Dr. Robertson, who came out of the city to see his opium patients the day of the trouble, and could not get back to the city to help Dr. Charter, as the city gates were closed. He felt very badly about this, but it was God's clear plan for him, as he was the only doctor who was at hand when Rev. Donald Smith and his wife were brought back. They had gone with the pupils of the girls' school, taking them in carts out of the city, but had only gone a few li out when they were beset by robbers. The girls all escaped in safety to their

homes, but Rev. Smith and his wife were terribly beaten and robbed. They could do nothing but pray for help, as they were unable to walk and had no carts. Mr. Smith's arms were broken in trying to defend his wife. Finally a native Christian boy discovered them in this pitiable condition and brought help. Two Chinese men supported Mrs. Smith, and her husband, weak from loss of blood, was carried back on a barrow. The morning service had passed off as usual, but before noon the streets were very noisy and excited. The arsenal where the Manchus had their best guns stored was stormed by the Revolutionary soldiers two days prior to the day set by the Manchu chief for distributing the good new guns to the Manchus.

The Revolutionaries, learning of the appointed day, captured the good weapons from the poor Manchus who tried to fight with obsolete rifles and other poor weapons mostly useless. The attack was sudden and many of the Manchus were so besotted by use of opium that they could not have handled even a rifle to defend themselves, so there was a fearful slaughter of over ten thousand Manchus. The missionaries heard the shots and bursting of bombs and saw the fire, and every day asked what the soldiers were doing.

Always the same reply: "Killing Manchus!"
Very few escaped. Only about one hundred,

mostly old women, were left, and scarcely a house. Several weeks later, Mr. Ellison saw the terrible results—heaps of skulls lying in the streets.

The Beckman family lived in the Swedish mission which was attacked by ruffians (not Revolutionaries) on October 23rd. Mrs. Beckman and six Swedish school-girls were killed. Also Mr. Vehne and Mrs. Beckman's sixteen-year-old daughter. When the place was attacked about midnight, Mr. Vehne helped the young girl over the city wall and they escaped to a village forty li away, where the people were kind and cared for them till a scoundrel who dogged their steps came to the village and incited the people to kill them. Mr. Beckman tried to save his wife and family by picking a hole through the city wall, hoping to save all the others, too, in that way, but the ruffians attacked them and they became separated. Mr. Beckman only succeeded in saving his youngest child, three years old. He escaped to a deep moat of water which was around the city wall and stood for two hours waist deep in the middle of this moat, holding his child on his shoulder. The Chinese waited on all sides of the moat except on one very steep side, and he heard them say:

“No use to watch that side, it is too steep. He could not possibly get up, and we can easily get him in the morning.”

It was then very dark and all were tired, and no Chinaman likes to get wet wading in moats, so they extinguished their torches and slept. Slowly Mr. Beckman crossed the water to the steep side and placed his child high up on a ledge. It cried at first, but he took it down again and whispered, "Don't cry," and the second time it was quiet, and with great difficulty he crawled up and got off with his child and back to the city.

Appearing at the English Baptist Mission door, he held out his child in his arms, saying: "This is all I've got!" While standing in the moat, he had heard the Chinese say how they had killed his wife and children. Mr. Beckman took refuge with the English Baptists in their mission.

Dr. Charter was called out to attend the post-master, Mr. Henne, who was hurt in the street. He was gone twenty-two hours, as he could not get through the riotous mob on the streets. In his absence, Mrs. Charter and a single lady were alone with the baby, who was dying. Many rioters beat at their gate, shouting: "Open! Open!" They were Mohammedans. An hour after Dr. Charter returned the child died.

Mr. Ellison said their faithful servant came rushing in, sobbing, and telling them of the murders of the Beckmans, and urged them to flee at once, as the soldiers were coming in an hour's time. They now feel it would have been

better if they had all remained, but they left in three parties—one party, Rev. Donald and Mrs. Smith with some school-girls; another party of school-girls in care of trusty Chinese Christians. The remaining missionaries formed the third party, and these all had only gone about three li out when they were set upon by about a hundred rude boys and young men, who rushed down the side of a very high mound where they were standing watching the burning of the Manchu city. Pell-mell they rushed at the little band of foreigners, hurling clods of earth and hooting and jeering at them. They stole all their bedding, tearing it off the backs of the animals. The leaders of the mob prevented the missionaries from mounting upon the animals, and told them they must go back to the city.

Some cried: "Better get swords and kill them now!"

They robbed the missionaries, two and three of the robbers impatiently tearing out each pocket to get the silver. Mr. Stanley took his silver in both hands and threw it over their heads, and thus gave the mob a great chase to get it, so relieving the pressure about his person.

Mr. Ellison said it was "most exciting to hear the mob tell the various ways they meant to kill them;" but as soon as they had seen the missionaries inside the gate of the city, strange to say, the mob left them!

They returned to the mission which was untouched, and all sat together and held a prayer service. After this, the good news came to them that the Revolutionary soldiers had ordered that the missionaries were not to be disturbed, and soldiers came to protect them. They lived in peace for two months and carried on their work. All the school-girls came back safe. Then came a relief party of nine men, headed by Rev. Keyte, brave men, who nobly risked their lives going on this extremely perilous journey, but they secured the protection of Revolutionary soldiers, and after some adventures reached the mission in safety. In this party were two hunters, who, under the Carnegie Institute, hunt and stuff birds and animals for Washington, D. C. One was a tobacconist, who always disliked missionaries before, but came to alter his opinion.

Then Yuan Shih K'ai sent word for them all to come out, sending an escort of soldiers for them, and so they travelled through a stretch of villages entirely deserted. Even the inn-keepers had run away, so wherever they rested at night they just "collared" an inn. On the way out over the country they came to a place where the soldiers were getting out their artillery preparing for a battle. They had been fighting the day before and were about to begin again, but, strange to say, they actually suspended their battle until the entire missionary party had passed through.

Ghastly was the sight that met their gaze as they made their way along through slaughtered hosts of people lying stark over the ground. The ladies closed their eyes till their carts had passed to a peaceful region. After much inconvenience they finally reached Peking in safety and travelled on the railroad at the expense of the Chinese Government.

“Do the missionaries flinch in the hour of trial?” says an editor. “In the great city of Si-an-fu a sentence entered my heart spoken by a gentle woman as naturally as one might say “Good morning.”

We sat together planning for an advance in the province of Shensi, and the question arose, “Who would go forward and occupy a certain city further north.” After prayer and conference, it seemed as if by general consent one brother was designated, and he expressed his willingness to go if his wife were also willing. It meant facing loneliness, enduring hardship, danger, and many discomforts, and yet when she was asked whether she would go, she smiled and quietly replied: “I am here on business for my King.” I truthfully declare that I am thrilled from head to foot even as I write the words. There was no parade of courage nor call for sympathy. Such things were all in the day’s work for one who had long ago made the great surrender. Well, it was business for the

King, and He would not forget." "And He said unto them, Where is your Faith?"

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the
Lord;
He is tramping out the vintage where the grapes of
wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible
swift sword:
Our God is marching on—
 Glory, glory! Hallelujah!
 His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred
circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening
dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and
flaring lamps;
Our God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judg-
ment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant,
my feet.
Our God is marching on.

226 NEW THRILLS IN OLD CHINA

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and
me:
As He died to make men holy, let us live to make
men free,
While God is marching on."

—JULIA W. HOWE.

CHAPTER XXIV

ANNIVERSARY DAY OF THE REPUBLIC OF CHINA

ON October 10th, 1911, the first outbreak of the Revolution in Wu Chang began, and on October 10th, 1912, I arrived in Shanghai, on the great patriotic festival day, celebrating the first "Independence Day" in China. As we sailed in the harbour, all Shanghai was gay and brilliant with Republican flags fluttering all along the water's edge. Even in that early morning hour, the people were out, busily preparing their holiday. The city was decorated everywhere, in the Chinese sections of both the foreign settlement and the native city, where acres of bunting and five-colored flags of the Republic were hung up, and myriads of paper lanterns and electric incandescents transformed the streets into brilliant spectacles. The Republican flag floated from every house-top. Many receptions were held, bands played, and there were military processions and two big torchlight and lantern parades. Thousands of soldiers, volunteers, firemen, merchants and

20,000 students all took part in the demonstrations. The World's Students' Federation subscribed a good sum of money to entertain the poor, helpless children, and orphans, who celebrated and feasted as heartily as their more fortunate brothers. Receptions were held at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce, the headquarters of the Chapei, the city volunteers and fire brigade and the Chinese company of Shanghai Volunteer Corps. Also receptions were held under the auspices of the various political societies, the native courts and councils, the World's Chinese Students' Federation and the guilds. All banks and stores were closed, and all China had a glorious holiday.

The Chinese deserved to have a joyful time, for the Chinese revolution is a remarkable achievement without a parallel in modern history. Twelve months from the first act of rebellion has found a two-centuries-and-a-half established government by Manchu oppressors, completely overthrown. The new régime is welcomed by the almost unanimous sympathy and approval of civilization. It is hailed as a definite breaking with the archaic past, and the entrance of China into the family of modern nations. On December 15th, 1912, a great meeting was held to form the Upper and Lower House and establish a permanent government.

Mr. T. R. Jernigan, former U. S. Consul Gen-

eral at Hong Kong and Shanghai, says: "The foreigner who has resided in China knows that under the government of the Manchu there was no government, in a western sense, in China. The president of the Republic entered upon his duties without compass or chart. He found no governmental machinery suitable as a guide in the great change which the country had undergone. The Stuarts of England had usurped and nullified the law, but Cromwell formed the law on the Statute Book, and restored it. Washington had before him the Statute law of England and the decisions of the English courts. But President Yuan had no such precedents, and he has to develop out of a new order of the national situation the principles to assure its stability and make it beneficial for the people. If the Republic has not moved along faster, it should not be, under the circumstances, a discouraging aspect.

The really encouraging aspect is the effort to establish a judicial system to warrant confidence in its competency and integrity. The young men of China who have graduated in the law schools of the West and returned home are now engaged in framing a system of courts for their country which will remove the stigma that has so long rested upon a Chinese court. The influence of England is greatly due to the incorruptibility of her courts, and in the American government the meaning of the organic law is left to

the interpretation of a Supreme Court. Thus it appears that the two more prosperous nations of the world recognize the necessity that their courts must be free of reproach.

Another favorable aspect for the Republic is that the people of China are inherently democratic. The lessons taught by their Sages have impressed on them the democratic idea. Confucius inculcates the doctrine that the people have the right to dethrone an unjust Emperor, and Mencius, more democratic still, taught that "the people were of the highest importance, the gods come second, the Sovereign is of lesser weight." China is the only Asiatic nation whose people have been schooled in the belief that with them resided ultimate Sovereign power, and this fact promises well for the Republic. Even when the Manchu despotism was entrenched strongest, it sometimes yielded to the influence of public opinion, and the abolition of the opium habit shows what can be accomplished by an organized public sentiment in China.

But evidently the West is not convinced that the Republic is permanently established, as recognition is still withheld and there is also manifested a want of confidence in regard to business, because the principal banks of the West refuse to loan the government money, except upon the condition of supervising the expenditure. The mistrust thus evidenced will have to be re-

moved ere the Republic of China will be admitted to a seat in the International Council of Nations, and the doubt shown, as to the stability of the present form of government and its financial uprightness, is not, unfortunately, shared alone by the West. A large majority of the substantial native business men of China entertain a similar doubt, specially with reference to money and its judicious use by those in authority and when the misgivings indicated are replaced by acts of administrative competency and fidelity, then and only then will appear the brightest aspect for the Republic and the purpose of the revolution realized. It is just, however, that the difficulties which the new government has encountered be patiently appreciated by the West, and unjust to condemn it for not emerging from a situation that would tax experienced statesmen."

NORTH AND SOUTH UNITED, DECLARES PRESIDENT
YUAN SHIH K'AI

President Yuan Shih K'ai, in his anniversary pronunciamento published on Anniversary Day, October 10th, 1912, takes Washington as his model and guide, praises the men who led the Revolution; expresses confidence in the future; aims to break up the stubborn conservatism of the people and lead them into consonance with

the world's views. He says: "When the Nanking Government had been disbanded, Dr. Sun Yat Sen and Mr. Huang Hsing remained the foremost men of their time, and I was most emphatic in urging them to come to Peking. Since that event took place, the last trace of the suspicion formerly existing between North and South has melted away like the melting of ice. It became possible to unite with these two gentlemen in the drawing up of Eight Articles setting forth the Government's fundamental policies in all that concerns internal administration."

The following are the:

GOVERNMENT POLICIES AGREED
UPON BY PRESIDENT YUAN SHIH
K'AI, VICE-PRESIDENT LI YUAN
HUNG, DR. SUN YAT SEN, AND
FIELD MARSHAL HUANG HSING

I. In the creation of the Nation the attainment of unity will be the settled policy.

II. A sincere discrimination between right and wrong will be the guiding principle, that the people may be morally improved.

III. The creation of an army and navy will be for the present postponed. The training of the necessary men will be the first thing attended to.

IV. The doors will be opened to the introduction of foreign capital for the development of railways and mines and the erection of steel

and iron plants, thus conducing to the material prosperity of the people.

V. Popular subsidized industrial enterprises will be inaugurated, and the beginnings will be made in the fields of agriculture, forestry, manufactures, and commerce.

VI. Control over military matters, foreign relations, governmental finance, laws, and communications will be vested in the central government; other interests will be relegated to local control as the conditions of the provinces may warrant.

VII. The finances of the nation will be put on an organized footing in the shortest possible time.

VIII. As the *Sine Qua Non* of recognition of the Republic by other nations, efforts will be made to reconcile party differences and to preserve peace and order.

DR. SUN YAT SEN'S VISIT TO PEKING

Dr. Sun arrived in Peking August 24th by special train, which was hauled by a gaily decorated locomotive. A brightly colored triumphal arch had been erected in the station yard, guarded by strong military hosts, to avoid any tragedy on arrival, and tickets were issued only to those specially permitted. Such a military demonstration as was witnessed on this occasion has seldom been seen in Peking. The President had issued orders that the strictest possible precautions were to be adopted to ensure the safety

of his guest, and from Feugtai to Peking (about seven miles) both sides of the railway were lined by troops posted, facing inwards and outwards alternately, with their rifles at the "ready." Soldiers were drawn up on each platform at the station. The five-colored flag of the Republic was in evidence everywhere, not only at the railroad station, but in every thoroughfare in Peking. A dense crowd of spectators, Chinese and foreign, gathered, including Chinese military and naval officers resplendent in new uniforms, members of the Cabinet in frock coats and top hats, at least three military bands, each of which played independently and added to the din as the train came to a standstill, and the officials deputed by the President to welcome Dr. Sun entered his car; while the crowd surged, waving hats in the air and cheering. Dr. Sun rode from the station in a magnificent barouche, upholstered in satin of imperial yellow, which had wheels of bright red and drawn by two white horses. The troops presented arms, and a squadron of Chinese cavalry closed in around Dr. Sun's carriage as he left the station. He was accommodated in the new Foreign Office building, which was elaborately prepared for his reception.

Dr. Sun and President Yuan held a conference of many hours on August 25th, and both afterwards declared that they were in perfect agreement on all important questions.

Dr. Sun addressed two leading political societies, visited the T'ung Ming Hui Club, and declared his personal desire to see Yuan Shih K'ai appointed President, and said he would work for that end. He said he would urge everywhere the necessity of establishing a strong central government and the development of the economic resources of the country, particularly the railways.

He says in his anniversary speech:

"Imagine what America would be today without her railways. Then believe that China will remain ever the same unless railways are built.

"The full details of my plan for the construction of railways are not, of course, worked out but, in a general way we know what we are going to do. There will be numerous great trunk lines crossing the country from end to end. Ili will know Shantung, Moukden will have a speaking acquaintance with Canton, and Yunnanfu will consider Taiyuanfu as a brother. Wonderful is the future when China becomes fully acquainted with herself and realizes what can be done. No longer will provincial distinctions cause friction; in time, it is reasonable to suppose, this increased intercourse will bring about the disappearance of the dialects and China will have a common language.

"There is to be a trunk line from Shanghai to Ili. Another trunk will run from Canton to Kassar, and still another from Canton to Tibet, via Yunanfu. The Yangtze valley, the trans-

cententially important trade centre of the Empire will be edged with new lines. Curiously enough, Lanchoufu in Kansu, will become a very important center because there will be as many as thirteen railways centering at that city.

CAPITALS TO BE RAILWAY CENTRES

“The capitals of all the provinces will be railway centres. From these important cities lines will radiate in every direction until every capital will have eight or nine railways leading from it. This may sound as though China will be literally swamped with railways, but the size of the country should be remembered. Even when this project is completed there will be room for more construction. And it is probable that the commercial development of the country will require more lines.

“Completion of the present plan means commercial prosperity, increased riches, better and more markets, justifying and encouraging increased production, but most of all it means *unity*, and that is most important for unity means self-preservation. Once unified and prosperous China will stand as a great nation of the world, not to be trifled with nor imposed upon nor partitioned. The time is coming when China can hold her own and prevent foreign aggression.”

The Empress Dowager did her part in honoring the great revolutionary hero. She received him at the Summer Palace and Baby King, on

his good behaviour, standing by his tutor on the lawn, dressed in his stately little yellow silk robes. It is said his young Highness keeps everybody around the palace busy with his pranks. He enjoys himself very much on a rainy day, running outside in his costly little garments, and plays about as long as he likes, and then calling to the eunuchs to come and get him, he will wade out in the deepest puddles and laugh and clap his hands with glee, as he watches the eunuchs who have to wade out after him, and say or do nothing to offend the "Son of heaven."

President Yuan gave a feast to Dr. Sun in Peking, and the Chinese everywhere feel that this visit has healed all differences between North and South, and henceforth the united Republic is a success.

Dr. Sun also visited Tsingtau, the German port at Shantung, and was welcomed by the Chinese in the Government school and in the chapel, which was crowded with eager loyal listeners. His dialect was not well understood, but he exhorted all to be loyal and uphold the principles of truth and honesty. His visit was coincident with the visit to Tsingtau of the German Prince Heinrich, who arrived a few days previous and was enthusiastically received by the Germans there, civil and military. On a previous visit of Prince Henry to China, as he entered the Astor

House in Shanghai, his retainers asked the clerk to prepare a room for the great German Prince. Not at all awed by royalty, the clerk shouted: "Boy! want room top side one piecee Princee! Savvey?"

AMNESTY PROCLAMATION

Forgives Enemies

President Yuan Shih K'ai issued on October 9th a mandate, stating: "A Republic is the best form of government in the world, and the Parliament is the keynote of the policy of the Republic. I, the President, have acted in everything with the object of maintaining unity and restoring order ever since my acceptance of office. For only after unity comes order, and then alone can we plan the constructional work of the Republic. The essential points in constructional work should all be decided by the Parliament. The election of members is an equitable privilege of the five great Popular families. The chief point to be observed is that not the slightest omission owing to laxity may happen during the course of preparations. Thereby the Parliament when established may have true energy and spirit. When the nation's basis is strengthened, the power of the people will certainly expand, for which state I, the President, entertain the fondest hope."

“During the latter part of the rule of the former Ch’ing, the officials and the gentry of various provinces had in their suppression of revolutionaries, arrested and killed the innocent, and had acted perhaps over-violently. Yet they were impelled to do so by their duty and office. Now the Republic has triumphed, all persons are permitted to lead a new life. The past should of course be buried in oblivion, and men should help each other to begin life again. The officials and gentry of old are still mostly in hiding in doubt and fear, or in some cases under the protection of questionable people. Our officials and their underlings, who do not understand magnanimity, are persecuting them now and then, and even throwing them into prison upon their return home. These acts are contrary to the true principle of Republicanism. The administrative superior officials of the provinces are hereby notified that with the exception of those committing offences at present, no further persecution shall be made with regard to crimes committed prior to the Revolution. Those who have emigrated or fled somewhere else shall be permitted to return each to his own native town and pursue a quiet livelihood.”

DR. MORRISON’S HOPEFUL VIEW OF THE REPUBLIC

Dr. Morrison, late correspondent of the London Times, now adviser of the Chinese Govern-

ment, during his recent visit to England, has inspired with hope the skeptical editors of the various leading newspapers who declined to believe that an oriental nation, steeped in the tradition of autocracy and the sentiment of kingship, could find in a republic a secure form of political organization. The marked change of tone shows in the following condensed article in the *Observer*:

“We see China as through a glass, darkly. The predicted collapse somehow does not come to pass. The sturdy President, Yuan Shih-k'ai, manages in some undiscernible manner to maintain his place. His rivals either conclude to obey him, or seek the alternative of retirement. Dr. Sun Yat Sen appears in a transient blaze of glory at Peking, and vanishes once more upon mysterious and unrecorded missions. Money comes in, we do not quite know how, but apparently it suffices for the moment. The machinery of government would stop in a day if China was absolutely penniless. We suspect that large numbers of high officials must have heavy arrears of pay, but they say no word.

“And within the mists that cloud the East we see dim visions of the manifold activities of trade, which continues unchecked. All through the Middle Kingdom the myriads are toiling, the great rivers swarm with craft, the seas without are ceaselessly threaded by ships. If China seems paralyzed her heart still throbs. But is China really paralyzed? We doubt it. Amid the confusion we catch glimpses of high

endeavor, stray gropings after light, disorganised struggles to evolve new beginnings out of chaos. Perhaps the most wonderful characteristic of China is her infinite capacity to survive the severest shocks. An imperial dynasty passes, but through the dust of its overthrow we descry the countless millions still slaving for their daily bread. They 'suffer still, and grieve,' but they represent that impregnable solidity which enables China to endure the most formidable reverses. Nearly four hundred millions of the most industrious people on earth cannot well become moribund, as the late Lord Salisbury once said.

"It was said that the President would soon be assassinated, but he still lives. It was said that China would fall into three or four independent sections, but it still hangs together. It was said that the provinces would lapse into inextinguishable civil strife, but the whole vast Empire has gradually become almost uncannily quiet. It was said that China would become bankrupt and that trade would abruptly stop, but funds still dribble into Peking and the returns show that the volume of trade is just now unusually large. China, in short, still survives and though some doleful predictions about her may still be realised, we have to remember that they show no present likelihood of being fulfilled."

FORM OF GOVERNMENT

"It is not, after all, very much the business of Great Britain whether China adopts a republican or any other form of government. What

we want to see in China, is strong and stable control. If a republic is the only possible form of control at the present moment, we should at least not endeavor to impede its establishment. We may have our misgivings, but they should not lead us into active opposition. In helping the Chinese republic, we incidentally help ourselves. There is not much altruism in modern international politics, and we need not pause to discover unselfish motives which are not very conspicuously felt. The greatest present need of China is money, not money in cataracts and without stint, but sufficient money to enable the republic to establish its new executive administration on a firm footing."

CHAPTER XXV

MORAL PHASES AND OUTLOOK OF THE REVOLUTION

PRESIDENT YUAN and Dr. Sun have given anniversary manifestos which are both characterized by that spirit of sincerity and straightforward singleness of purpose which have brought these men to the high positions which they now occupy.

President Yuan and Dr. Sun have been charged with working with motives of personal ambition, but these charges must now be laid to rest with the other premonitions of disaster to China.

If Dr. Sun is ambitious for personal power in China, his greatest obstacle would be in the person of Yuan Shih K'ai. Conversely, if President Yuan entertains ideas of becoming the Napoleon of China, the first and strongest opposition he would find would be in Dr. Sun. Yet each in his articles written for *The China Press* takes occasion to express his friendship for the other.

GENERAL LI'S ANNIVERSARY MESSAGE

Reuter's Pacific Special to the China Press

WU-CHANG, October 9.—The Vice-President has issued a long manifesto, in which he says:

“To Hupeh belongs the glory of beginning the Revolution. The aims of the martyrs who lost their lives for the cause have been accomplished. During the year there have been many disturbances and executions which have caused me much grief. The martyrs died for the Republic and not for anarchy. One revolution is enough and constitutional methods should be used to effect other changes. Both soldiers and the people should attend to their duty and be diligent in their work so that they may strengthen and enrich the country. Thus will you emulate the public spirit of the departed heroes whose memory you will celebrate tomorrow.”

Dr. Timothy Richard, of the Chinese Christian Literature Society says:

“Along with the China Revolution, we have witnessed a wonderful ferment in religious circles. A Society calling itself the Universal Religious Society was formed in Shanghai and it held a public meeting in Chang Su Ho's garden hall, the biggest in Shanghai. Over two thousand men and women attended and hundreds could not get in for want of room. This Society consisted of Christians and non-Christians, but all were Revolutionaries and all believed that the new government could not be stable

without religion as a sound foundation. Not only in Shanghai, but in Yangchow in Kiangsu Province, similar large gatherings were held advocating the need of religion, and not only non-Christians spoke but the military governor invited Christian leaders to explain the Christian religion to the meeting. The same thing happened in Peking, the leaders of all religions were anxious to have a clear discussion on the universal value of religion to all nations.

“What is the outlook? We hope when the permanent government which is soon to be established, will commence reconstruction in earnest. We have had enough of destructive policy till the nation is beginning to get tired of it. If the permanent government will organize modern education in all departments, with an efficient university in every province, then the rising generation will have a supply of able men who can undertake all departments of government, including that of religion.

“At present the priests of China, whether Buddhist or Taoist, are proverbially ignorant. They cannot explain the gods whom they worship in their temples. Many of them do not know their proper names or their history. How can they therefore be suitable guides for the nation at large?

“This gives a rare opportunity for enlightened missionaries to sympathise with this desire for religious reform.

“The Governor of Yunnan—extreme western province of China—said: ‘The greatest religion in the world is the religion of Jesus Christ. Before long it will be the religion of China.’”

CHAPTER XXVI

THE CHINA PROPAGANDA

“Righteousness exalteth a Nation!”

THE new National awakening and the attendant changing conditions in China, following the great political upheaval, have made the past year one of lively interest for our Wei Hsien mission, as well as for all the China missionary body. While we rejoice in the hopeful prospects before us, the increased interest in Western education, and the widening opportunities for Christian service, giving us all a cheering outlook for the future, yet feeling the great need for reinforcements to “help us to garner in the sheaves of good from the fields of sin,” we humbly pray the Lord of the harvest to bless the cause of the China Propaganda, that there may be many more suitable men and women added to our force.

When the sad news of the serious illness of our honoured and noble co-worker, Dr. Wm. B. Hamilton, came to us, we bowed in awe before the shadow of death, and each heart echoed Dr.

Bergen's prayer at that little station meeting: "We can't spare him Lord, we are so few!" But God, who "standeth within the shadow, keeping watch above His own," has taken our brother, and has taken Hudson Taylor and Dr. Griffith John after fifty years of work for Christ in China, and many more of the foremost missionaries, whose efforts for the spread of Christianity and Christian education have done incalculable good for the Chinese people. They have done their work and God has given them their richly earned crown, bright with many stars won in China.

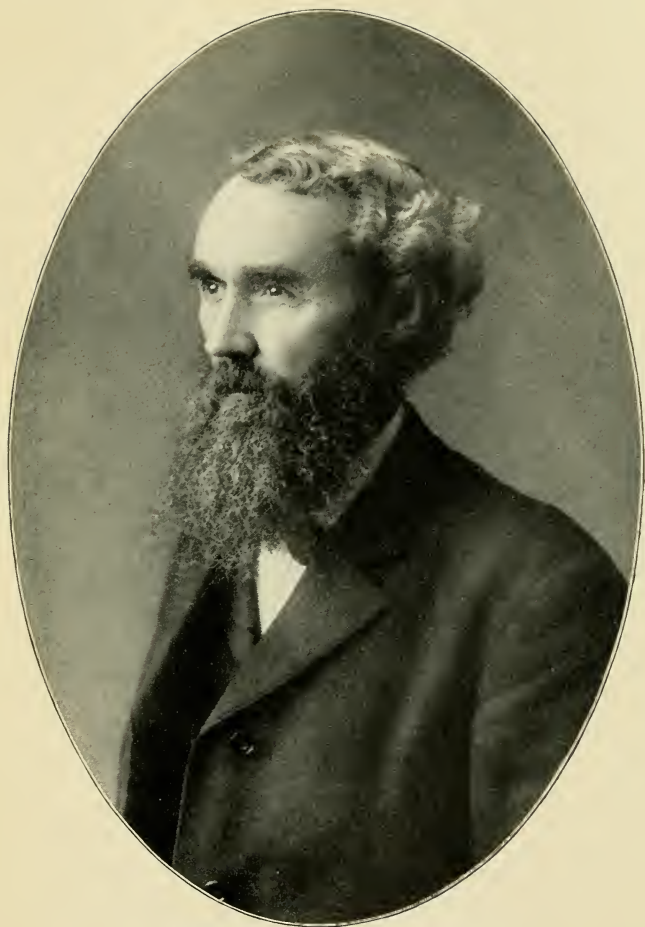
Also some of our strong missionaries, Dr. Frank H. Chalfant, and others, have gone for health reasons to America, and thus the burden falls more heavily on those still on the field. While the mighty movement going on in China calls for more effort on the part of the missionaries, and realizing how direct and vital are the relations between the church of Christ and the present awakening in China, we pray that God's people at home may rise and with renewed consecration and noble spirit of self-sacrifice, face this great responsibility, and with willing hearts help us, by freely giving for the support of the reinforcements for our ranks.

I attended a great meeting at the Hupeh Road Theatre, Shanghai, and heard Dr. Sun Yat Sen address that vast audience, which packed the

building from pit to the top gallery, where Mrs. Calvin Mateer and I were obliged to go to find a seat. For three hours that earnest speaker held the floor, fearlessly standing before all those people, and his gestures and quick flow of language were of the liveliest and most earnest kind, his face all alight with enthusiasm. Mrs. Mateer and I both thought how brave he was to place himself in such a position where he could so easily be shot at. Dr. Sun was, while we were there, talking about the fundamental principles of the Republic and territorial divisions, and held that variegated conditions attendant upon the present industrial stage of China necessitated various remedies. He referred to the principal staple industries. His speech, though lengthy, was very instructive. People drank tea as they listened, tea-pots and bowls being placed conveniently all through the house, and I observed many Chinese women among the audience.

Now, friends at home, give us more missionaries, more schools, more means for carrying on this work for Christ in China! Oh, the need! I am utterly helpless to picture the need. These young people, so many of them growing up so fast, and the dangers and temptations so grave, so many falling into sin.

Then there are errors creeping into the very fold. The church in China and the church at home must be vigilant and wide awake and stand



REVEREND GEORGE F. FITCH, D.D.,
FOUNDER OF PRESBYTERIAN MISSION PRESS, SHANGHAI, CHINA

firmly for the truth, giving no place to the enemy. This is a supreme crisis in the history of China, and when we hear of the various errors which threaten to delude the Americans as well as the Chinese people, and lower the standards of our blessed true faith, we feel like calling upon the church of Christ at home to be swift to act like David, and say: "Who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

If anyone thinks there is little work being done out here, just let them come and see our Presbyterian Mission Press, and have a minute only (for he is a very busy man, but always kind) with our grand old pioneer, Dr. George F. Fitch, who ever since 1870 has honoured God in China, through countless printed pages, as well as spoken messages, and his consecrated wife has brought so many of the Chinese women to Christ. You think of the words, "crowned with glory," as you look at their faces and see Jesus there.

And then come into the Missionary Home on Quinsan Road, and see the earnest missionaries, representing every denomination, who come for a night or so and pass on to their various fields, or take ship (as I shall do tomorrow) for America or England. Across the table from where I sit are a young couple, trained in teaching the blind. They are starting an institution here for

teaching and caring for the poor little blind children; next to them sits a dear old lady with a crown of silvery white hairs, nearly 80 years of age, a mother, whose two daughters won martyrs' crowns at Ku Cheng. Next her sits dear Miss Johnson of the Presbyterian mission at Lien Chow, who was home on furlough when that awful tragedy occurred October 28th, 1905, when Mrs. Machle, little Amy, Mr. and Mrs. Peale, and Dr. Chestnut were murdered by lawless anti-foreign characters. Then we have Dr. Woodbridge of the Southern Presbyterian Church here, editing a Christian Chinese newspaper and preaching the gospel, and here is Dr. Cunningham of Yih sien, who last year treated 17,924 patients. Dr. Shields and family have been in the room next to mine, and their dear little son sings so sweetly: "Dare to be a Daniel" and "Throw Out the Lifeline!" I loved to hear his little voice. They go to a remote mission (American Baptists), located far up near the border of Thibet, where there is still fighting and unrest. May God protect them and spare the sweet little children is my prayer!

Every denomination is represented here, and it is a tonic to come in touch with them as they gather for morning and evening prayers in the parlour where Mr. Edward Evans gives us a message from the Holy Word. They come and they go, and God's blessing rests with them and His

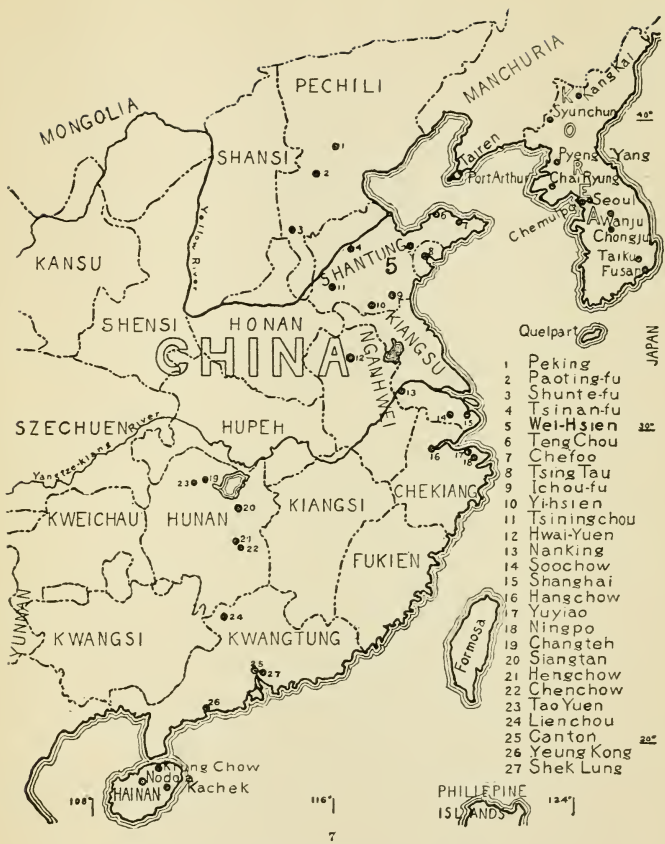
“truth,” through the efforts and lives of these His servants, “is marching on.” The work is His, and “when the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord will lift up a standard against him.” Are you doing your share? Are you willing to give to God your best? Your gifts for China—the best you could give—are you putting those gifts into His outstretched hand? Are you willing to say: “Here Lord, send me. I’ll go where you want me to go, dear Lord.” If you do, you will find Him, oh! so precious, and your life, oh, so sweet with Him for your guide!

My furlough being about due, I had planned to go home by way of Palestine and see the blessed Holy Land, “where our dear Lord was crucified, who died to save us all,” and praise Him where the shepherds fell at His feet in Bethlehem. But I must spell the word “disappointment” with an “h,” for it is His “appointment” for me to respond to the call for help in the cause of the China Propaganda. A cablegram from our Board asks if it is possible for me to “come home direct route at once to assist in the China campaign,” and I gladly go to be of service. But oh! the going is not easy from these dear people. We have those at Wei Hsien who are very dear to me, not only our dear foreign missionaries and their sweet children, but our native Chinese friends, and my eyes fill with

tears as I think of the love they showed me when I left them. They gave me beautiful silk banners all embroidered with beautiful gold and silver threads, "blessings, blessings," all around my name. And they gathered at my home, and when my chair passed through the long lines of dear Chinese Christians, I felt as I looked at their sad faces as though I were a hearse passing through. And I think of all those dear country village people with no one in my place to go and visit them. Just before I came away I made a trip away out to T'ien Yu Kou, the little mountain village where I was just before the riots, and the children gathered around me, at least fifty of them, their parents and others back of them filling the chapel, and sang "Jesus Loves Me," and listened while I told them about the little lad who gave his lunch to Jesus, all he had, his "five little loaves and two small fishes," and one little girl sat with her little brother beside her who had just lost their mother, and their little faces were so pathetic. As I left that village that dear little girl followed my barrow, clutching in her little garment a pretty little red work-bag I had given her from the Christmas box. My teacher kept telling her to go back, but she kept saying: "I don't want Hoa Kuniang to go." Do you wonder that I think of that little darling out there and weep because I must go from these people? Home is very sweet, and

I love my dear ones at home, and I thank God that I shall soon see their dear faces again in this world, but the little girl clutching at that little red work-bag who "didn't want Hoa Kuniang to go," is very deep in my heart, and the race she represents is my "heritage."

APPENDIX



MAP OF CHINA PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONS
 WEI HSIEN MISSION, No. 5, SHANTUNG PROVINCE

APPENDIX

A BRIEF NARRATIVE OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTION

BY CARL CROW

Written Specially for the China Press (Shanghai)

LIKE many other great events, the Chinese Revolution began inauspiciously enough. The accidental explosion of a bomb in the Russian concession of Hankow of October 9th, 1911, caused a police investigation and revealed the existence of a revolutionary headquarters, with elaborately prepared plans for the capture of Wuchang. The conspirators were arrested and handed over to the Viceroy 'Jui Cheng, who promptly executed them and had their heads photographed so that Peking might see by the pictures the promptness with which he suppressed all attempts to question the authority of the Son of Heaven.

It was not unlike many other incidents of China's recent history, for many revolutionary

plots have been discovered and many revolutionists have lost their heads. Usually the incident ended with the work of the executioner, and things went on much the same as before until another plot was discovered and there was another trip to the execution ground. No one knew better than the Manchus that revolutionists never ceased to be dangerous until their heads were severed.

But the Wuchang incident was different, though it did not appear so at first. The elaborate headquarters indicated the presence of many other persons with revolutionary ideas, and Viceroy Jui set out at once in search of them. He and his officers remained up all night following the explosion. Soldiers, merchants, scholars, idlers—anyone suspected by the Viceroy—were arrested and searched. A great many of them were found guilty, and the executioner did a good day's work before breakfast. The gates of the city were ordered closed and preparations made for a still more thorough search for suspicious characters.

While the tired executioner slept during the day, the people of Wuchang assembled in quiet but excited crowds and talked over the horrors of the previous night. The excitement grew more intense, and with the coming of darkness the tension snapped. A private soldier shot down the corporal who tried to search him for

hidden cartridges, and his comrades joined him in attacks on other officers. The foreboding quiet of the day was broken. In a few minutes the city was full of rioting which long before midnight turned into revolt. Viceroy Jui fled through the rear of his yamen, and took refuge on a gunboat. General Li Yuan Hung, previously an obscure colonel, led the disaffected soldiers, and by midnight the army had been turned into a rebel force, which quickly put to the sword or drove across the river the few hundred Manchu troops and officials, who naturally declined to join in the movement.

ARSENAL AND MINT CAPTURED

The arsenal with its large store of arms and ammunition fell easily, as did the mint. The morning after the revolution dawned with the republican army of China in possession of Han-yang, Wuchang and Hankow, equipped with millions of rounds of ammunition and several million dragon dollars, freshly minted at the Imperial mint. Not a vestige of Manchu authority remained. Thousands of civilians immediately began enrolling their names as members of "The People's Army." As if by magic, new uniforms for the revolutionary army appeared.

The authorities in Peking soon learned of the trouble. Viceroy Jui told about it in an official

dispatch, and he was immediately severely censured by imperial edict and told to recapture the place. Knowing more of the situation than the Peking authorities, he did not wait for the reply, but fled at once to Shanghai. More news reached Peking, where preparations were going on for a mobilization of the army of China, which would demonstrate to the world what an effective fighting machine the country had built up with a view to preventing just such outbreaks as this. Apparently the coincidence of the manœuvres was a fortunate circumstance, for trains carrying soldiers and arms to the camp were at once sent to Hankow, the first force dispatched being of 6,000 men, which number was soon doubled.

The loyal soldiers who had been driven from Wuchang camped near Hankow, where a few days later there was a small skirmish, unimportant so far as numbers go, but the easy success of the rebels gave them a great deal of confidence. The northern soldiers began arriving within a week, and by the latter part of October the two forces were in actual conflict. The revolutionary army in the meantime had grown to about 20,000 men, partly by enlistment and partly by the arrival of troops from the south.

The fighting was chiefly confined to a small area back of the foreign concessions of Hankow, extending from Kilometer Ten station to

the Han River. During all of it the well-trained northern troops showed their superiority over the raw recruits. The latter suffered heavily in dead and wounded, but for everyone shot down there was always another ready to take his place, and the numbers in the people's army grew despite the heavy daily loss. By the middle of November the rebels had been slowly driven back by the daily and nightly fights until none was left outside the Chinese city of Hankow, which with Hanyang and Wuchang was still held by the revolutionaries.

REVOLUTION SPREADS

While the fighting was going on in Hankow, the republican spirit spread rapidly through the Yangtze valley, and it soon became apparent that in order to recover the loyalty of the section, nothing short of complete military occupation by the Imperialists would be necessary. The Imperialists were powerless, and town after town and province after province went over to the republicans without a shot being fired. In many cases the transition from Manchu to Republican authority involved nothing more than a search through an abandoned yamen for the official seals. Sianfu, looked on as one of the strongholds of Manchu power, was one of the first to revolt, striking terror in the Forbidden

City and greatly hampering the movement of troops to the South. This was in accordance with a plan which had been adopted many years before, for every movement of the revolution, despite its apparent disorder, was the result of plans which had been thought out long before the outbreak occurred.

As rapidly as the movement spread in the south, the Peking authorities made frantic efforts to stop its progress. A full pardon promised to all who would lay down their arms resulted in nothing, and soon the Chinese people had the novel experience of listening to imperial edicts in which the throne abjectly promised to reform. High officials, including several members of the imperial clan were dismissed from service, some of them with severe censure, and an attempt was made to secure the aid of more progressive officials. Tang Shao Yi was recalled to the post of Minister of Communications and Yuan Shih-k'ai was implored to accept the position of Viceroy vacated by the desertion of Jui Cheng. He was rapidly promoted in power, and in a short time given complete control of the army and navy.

The earlier edicts of apology and promise having resulted in nothing, an edict was issued on October 30th granting to the National Assembly full power to draft and adopt a constitution. This action on the part of the throne was doubtless precipitated by demands from soldiers at

Lwangchow, a place which was looked on as a loyal stronghold. Immediately on receipt of the edict, the Assembly adopted a constitution which guaranteed to the Chinese all the political rights which they had been vainly demanding for years. The constitution was incorporated in an edict, and to make it still more binding the Prince Regent, representing the infant Emperor, visited the Ancestral Temple, and took a solemn oath to uphold its conditions. The constitution left the Imperial Clan practically without power, and this concession, granted within a month after the outbreak of the revolt, showed how strong was the sentiment of republicanism. But the reformers in China had been deceived before by Manchu promises, and adoption of the constitution did not weaken the determination of the revolutionists.

SHANGHAI TURNS REPUBLICAN

Soochow and Shanghai early became republican cities, the fighting at both places being unimportant, but the important position of Nanking, under General Chang Hsun, held out. The sympathies of the people were doubtless with the republicans, but General Chang stubbornly refused any overtures for the surrender of the city, and active preparations were made for an attack. Thousands of troops were enlisted in Shanghai and others brought North from Canton, Foo-

chow, Ningpo and Hangchow were equipped and trained here and sent to Nanking. The bombardment of the place began in the latter part of November. There was a great deal of firing, but small loss of life, and General Chang soon saw that it would be useless for him to attempt to hold out against the republicans. On December 1, he fled from the city with a small number of troops, and the republicans took possession.

While the republicans were succeeding at Nanking, they met with reverses in the Wu-han cities. Slowly driven back into the Chinese city of Hankow, they made a desperate stand there, but the imperial general drove them out by setting fire to the city. The republican stronghold of Hanyang remained, but fell to the imperialists just before the republican success at Nanking.

A provisional government had been established at Wuchang with General Li at its head, and at the time of the fall of Hanyang a number of delegates from various southern provinces were on their way up the Yangtze to take their seats in the provisional assembly. With Hanyang's capture, Wuchang was greatly endangered, and the delegates returned to Shanghai. The Republican success of Nanking made that the logical location for the republican capital, and the provisional government was immediately set up there, with General Huang Hsing as generalissimo.

This was the situation before the end of the

second month after the outbreak. So many concessions had been made by the Manchus that but little remained as disputed points. They had retired almost completely from governmental affairs, and the only question which remained to be settled lay between a republic and a constitutional monarchy, and on both sides it was felt that this was too small a question to cause any further loss of life, when there was a possibility that it might be settled by conference. Besides, both Republicans and Imperialists were hampered by lack of funds. Foreign loans applied for by the Peking government had failed, and the voluntary contributions raised by both sides were not enough to meet all the demands of a military campaign. An armistice was agreed to in preparation for a conference, the Manchu authorities signifying their willingness to abide by any decision which might be reached.

On November 15, Yuan Shih K'ai reached Peking, and after having been repeatedly urged to do so, accepted the premiership, immediately appointing a cabinet, which included but one Manchu. It was perhaps the most progressive cabinet in the history of China, up to that time, but though many of the members were Yuan's old friends and helpers, there was no alacrity about accepting the appointments, and for several weeks the new Premier worked practically single-handed.

PEACE CONFERENCE

In early December plans for a peace conference were under discussion, and on December 8, H. E. Tang Shao Yi left Peking, as Peace Commissioner of the Imperial government, with instructions to meet a similar Peace Commissioner appointed by the republicans and arrange terms of settlement. The Imperial clan had paved the way for an agreement of this kind by the resignation, a few days before, of the Prince Regent. The edict which announced his resignation placed on him the blame for the dissatisfaction of the people, and made arrangements to bring up the young Emperor under the joint guardianship of a Manchu and a Chinese. It was thought that this would remove the most serious objections to the proposed limited monarchy.

Reaching Hankow, Mr. Tang was informed that the Republicans preferred to discuss the matter in Shanghai, where he would meet Dr. Wu Ting-fang, their representative. He arrived here on a special steamer on December 17th, and on the following day the two commissioners met in the Town Hall, and arranged for an extension of the armistice. At another meeting the startling announcement was made that Mr. Tang agreed with Dr. Wu that the monarchy which ruled China had failed and that a repub-

lican form of government should be set up. Evidently Mr. Tang's action in agreeing with Dr. Wu created a sensation in Peking. His commission was cancelled, and he held no more official interviews with Dr. Wu, though the two met unofficially almost daily at the residence of Mr. E. S. Little. A spirited exchange of telegrams followed between Dr. Wu and Premier Yuan, taking up the greater part of January.

Dr. Sun Yat Sen's name had often been mentioned in connection with the revolution, but little was known of his whereabouts. On November 16 the *China Press* published a telegram from him, stating that he was in Paris and would come to China at once. He arrived in Shanghai on Christmas Day, 1911, and took up residence in the French concession. The provisional assembly was then in session in Nanking, and at once elected Dr. Sun as the first Provisional President of the Republic of China. He went to Nanking, and was formally inaugurated on January 1.

While Dr. Wu and Premier Yuan were exchanging telegrams during January, extensive military preparations were going on at Nanking. The repeated rumours that the conflict would be ended by the abdication of the Imperial Clan did not deter the republicans from preparing for a decisive struggle if it became necessary. Many thousands of soldiers were enlisted in Canton,

Shanghai and other places under republican control and sent to Nanking, where they were drilled in preparation for a march on Peking.

DECISIVE MESSAGE FROM FIELD

There is little doubt but that during this period the most serious conflict was between factions of the Imperial Clan, some being willing to accept what they thought to be inevitable and give up all power, while other insisted that there should be no surrender until made absolutely necessary. The issue was decided during the last few days in January by the receipt of telegrams from practically all the Imperial generals in the field urging the throne to arrange terms of peace, as further fighting could only result in more successes for the republicans. The telegram amounted to a demand from the imperial army for the abdication of the Emperor.

After the receipt of this message, there was no longer any doubt about the issue. The terms between the throne and the Republican leaders were speedily agreed on, and the long-expected Edict of Abdication was published to the world on February 12."

CHINA'S INDEPENDENCE DAY

October 10th, 1912, the Chinese Republic celebrated its first "Fourth of July." It was a great day at Peking.

“ We had a great day here yesterday (October 10th). Think of a President’s reception in China! Three or four hundred foreigners of all nations and foreignized Chinese watched the President’s review of about 10,000 troops, then ate a sumptuous foreign lunch, and the President himself appeared in our midst while we gave him ‘ three cheers and a tiger.’ Come out and see the new Republic.”

It was a great day at Wei Hsien.

“ On the first national holiday of the Republic our college and schools joined in, and, in fact, were the most prominent features in the grand celebration and parade. The following day the schools of the city visited the compound in a body and showed the most cordial feeling towards us. The following day they sent their band to escort our students around to the different school officials, local assembly and political clubs of the city. The parade of the city together with the visits lasting between four and five hours by four hundred Christian students and teachers carrying banners and Republican flags, singing patriotic and Christian songs, made an impression on Wei Hsien city, such as it has never received before. The doors that have so long been closed in this conservative old city are wide open, and the people are inviting us to come and be friends with them.”

HONOUR TO WHOM HONOUR IS DUE!

After the Revolution was over and success assured, General Hsu Pao Shan invited Rev. A. R. Saunders, a well-known missionary in China, to come to the camp where he had his one thousand army officers, and he said: "I want you to hold a service here. We cannot get all the army in. That would be impossible, but we will get in all the officers and thank Jesus for the success of this Revolution." When the thousand officers were all gathered in and Rev. Saunders came in to address them at this special invitation, the great General arose first and said: "I want to speak first. It is right to meet today and thank Jesus for the success of this Revolution. China would not be a Republic today if it were not for the missionaries who believe in Jesus, and we must thank Jesus now. Mr. Saunders knows what Jesus likes." And then the unheard-of thing occurred. Rev. Saunders led this vast gathering of Chinese officers in prayer and praise to Jesus, our great King.

Never have we been able to preach in the Chinese army camps till now. You might go anywhere else, but never there. Under the old Manchu rule, the soldiers were the roughest, most cruel and wicked anti-foreign people in China. And now behold them thanking Jesus!

From the farthest border, the Yunnan Province, the stronghold of Buddhism, comes this word. "Strange things are happening now all over China. The idols are being destroyed. Mud gods are being made into bricks. Bronze gods are being made into current coin." From other parts where the gospel has never yet had a foothold, the word comes: "Idols are being smashed. Temples locked up and the keeper gone off with the keys no one knows where, and no one cares. You look through the cracks and see the idols fallen to the ground, and the temples are the abode of moles and bats."

Glorious fulfillment of prophecy! But, Christian friends, now is the time to give them the only living and true God. They must have a religion. No nation can exist without a religion. France tried it in 1789 and failed. "Righteousness exalteth a nation." Let us seize this great opportunity and give them the true religion, while they are ready for it. The time is now while they are in the receptive state. The steel when in a certain plastic state may receive the imprint of the finest lace. But when cooled and hardened, the hardest weapons could not make an impression.

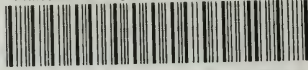
"O, Christ! Help Thy church to give China such faithful, willing, noble missionaries, and back them up with such good substantial sup-

port, that they may represent Thee, and that Thine own image, the face of the Master, may be imprinted upon China forever!

THE END

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